

57. d. 11.

# Misericordia





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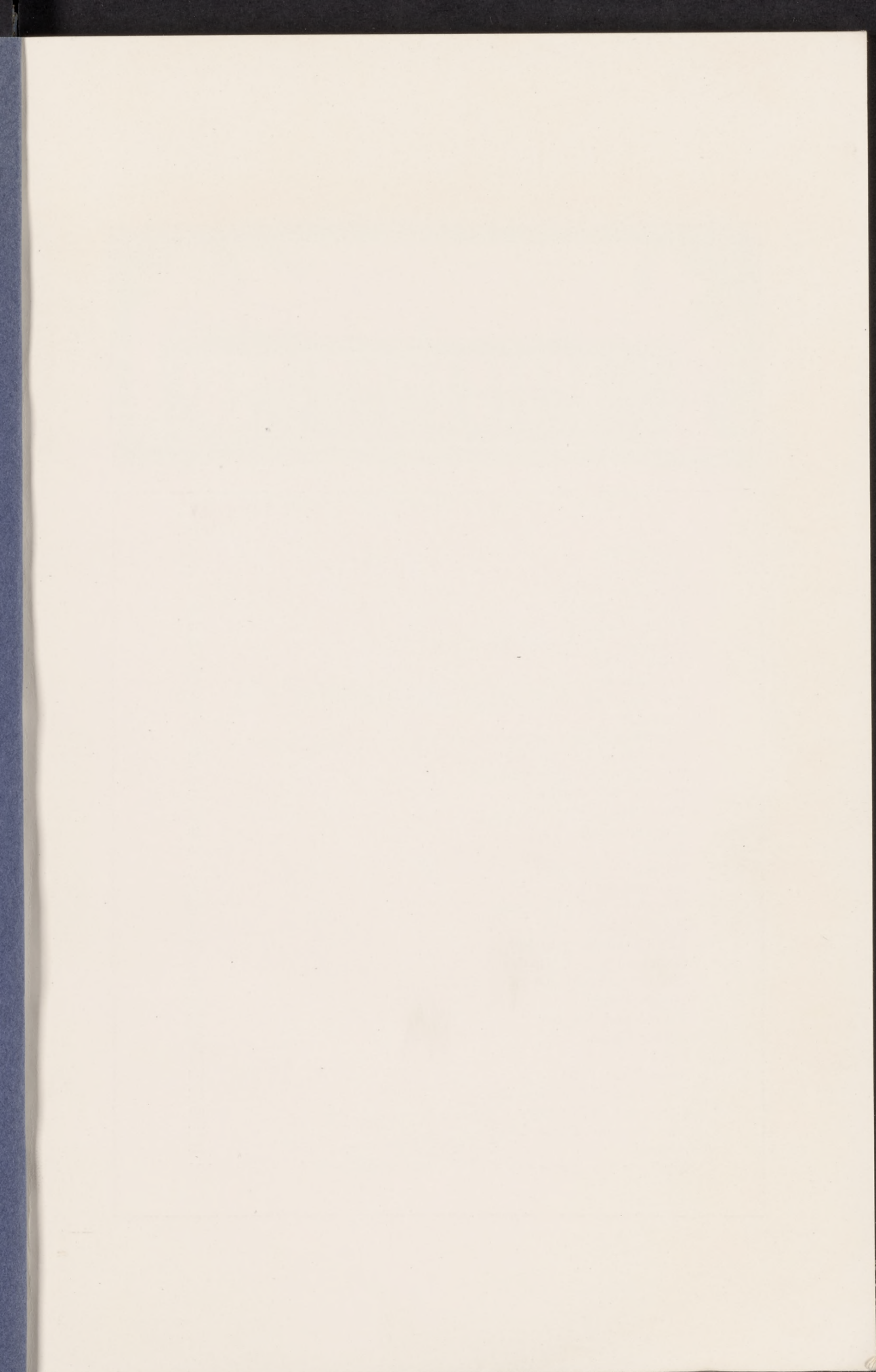




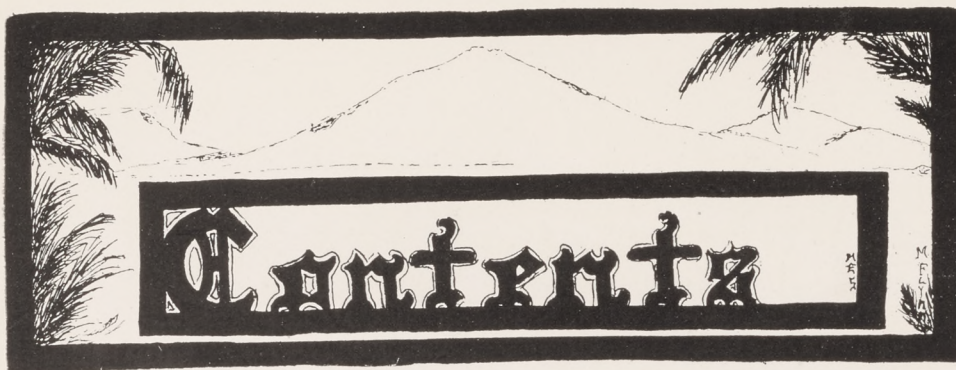












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# Misericordia

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF  
ST. MARY'S SCHOOL *of* NURSING

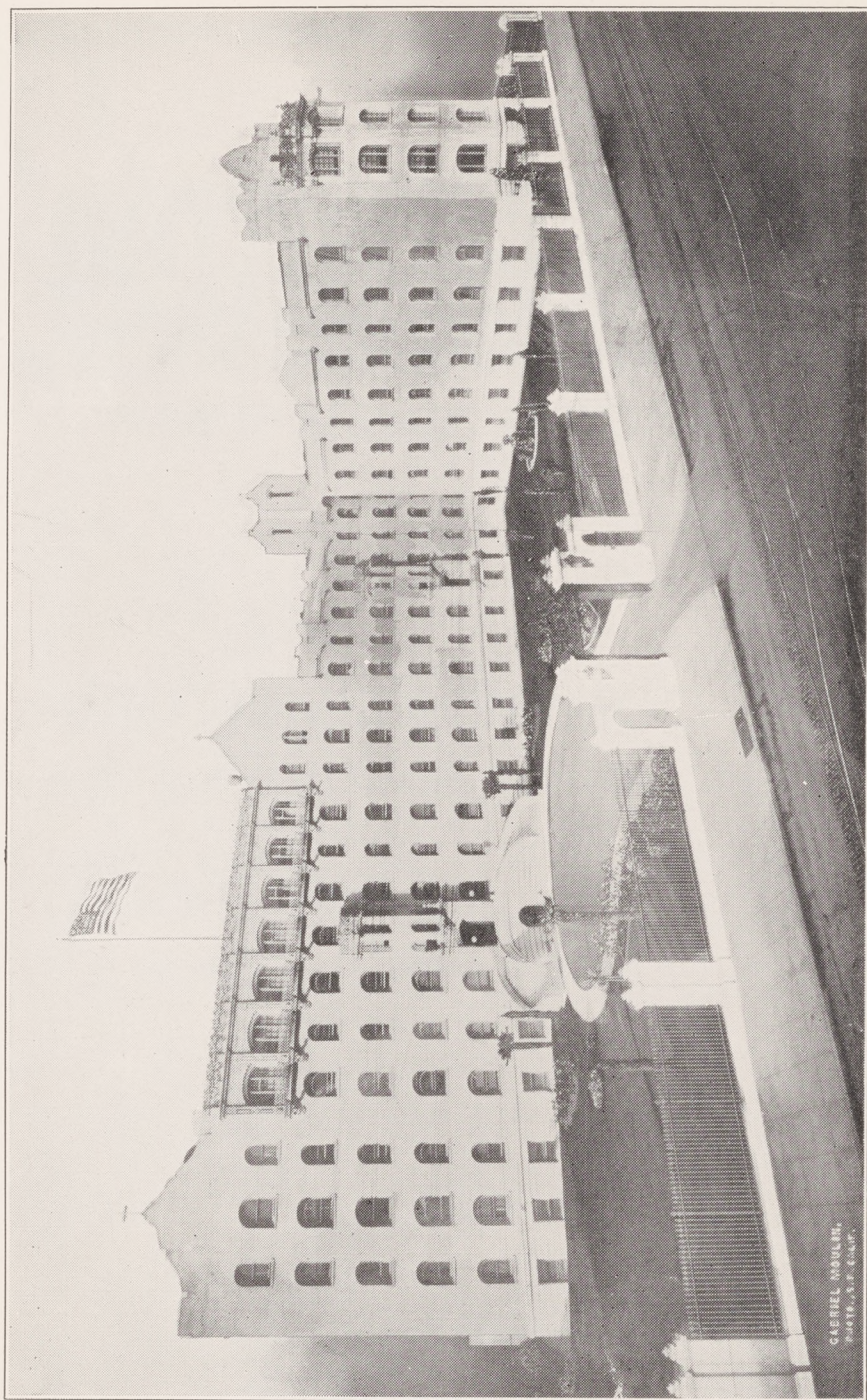
## COMMENCEMENT

JUNE, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY THREE



ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL  
2200 HAYES STREET  
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA





GERBEL MOULINS.  
PARIS, S. F. & CO.



To Our Beloved  
Superintendents of Nurses  
of Yesterday and Today  
Sister Mary Philamene  
and  
Sister Mary Veronica  
Our First Annual is Respectfully,  
Gratefully and Devotedly  
Dedicated





THE MOST REVEREND EDWARD J. HANNA, D.D.



## Our Prince's Name

Cowléd in shades of suppliant prayer,  
Dared we our hearts to raise,  
And chorus that the world might hear  
Our symphony of praise.

And high upon the azure deeps,  
In empyréan flame,  
By hand of God, we saw enscrolled  
Our Prince's name.

Whether in Gothic fane enthroned,  
Or bent o'er Misery's bed,  
Thou broodest, a hallowed Spirit blest,  
In radiance shed.

"Who unto others Teacher stands,  
Of life, the guiding star,  
Down through the years of Heaven's length,  
Shineth afar."

And high upon the azure deeps,  
In empyréan flame,  
By hand of God, we saw enscrolled,  
Our Prince's name.

—*Charles F. Walsh.*







# Misericordia

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Published by the Students of St. Mary's School of Nursing

J U N E, 1 9 2 3

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The purpose of the Misericordia is to unit the student body with our noble leaders of the past and those who are to carry our banner down the future years, and to be a pledge of unswerving fidelity to our beloved Alma Mater.

---

Sister Mary Veronica.....Directress

## STAFF

Wilhelmina Simon.....	Editor-in-Chief
Eleanor Slaven.....	Assistant Editor
Catherine Shea.....	Business Manager
Myrtle McIntyre.....	Assistant Business Manager
Marie McMahon.....	Circulation Manager
Agnes Brown.....	Advertising Manager

## ASSISTANTS

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## Historical Sketch

THE pioneer band of Sisters of Mercy arrived in San Francisco on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1854. They immediately volunteered their services to the plague-stricken city, during the cholera epidemic, which was raging at that time. Their services were so well rendered and so appreciated by the Civic authorities, that they were requested to take charge of the San Francisco County Hospital on Stockton street, where they labored for two years.

In 1857 they purchased the building and opened there the first Catholic Hospital in California, St. Mary's. Soon these quarters were outgrown and the Sisters found it necessary to construct a larger and better equipped hospital.

The corner stone of the beautiful structure on Rincon Hill was laid by Archbishop Alemany on September 3, 1860, and in November, 1861, the new St. Mary's was opened. Keeping pace with the growing city, the building was enlarged from time to time.

Realizing the great need for properly trained nurses, arrangements were made for the establishment of a School of Nursing in connection with the hospital. In October, 1900, the School was opened with an enrolment of nine, under the direction of Miss Kerwin, a Superintendent from Mercy Hospital, Chicago.

Sister Mary Malachi, Misses Mary Deasy, Emma Keely, and Katherine Welch were the successful members of the first class, receiving Graduating Honors from the Rev. John Butler on November 21, 1902. Miss Kerwin then returned to Chicago and Sister Mary Malachi assumed direction of the School.

On November 23, 1903, the first public graduating exercises were held in the maple room of the Palace Hotel. The Most Reverend George Montgomery, coadjutor Archbishop, honored the occasion with his presence and delivered an inspiring oration. Eloquent addresses by Doctors T. E. Bailly, George McDonald and Theodore Rethers added to the memorable splendor of the evening.

The great catastrophe of 1906 laid waste the edifice on Rincon Hill, but the care of the sick and the instruction of nurses was uninterrupted. A tent hospital was immediately erected on Hayes and Schrader streets, and Sisters and nurses found ingenious ways and means of rendering service.



A temporary hospital was put in order at 2544 Sutter street and opened on July 17. The patients were transferred from their tent homes to this building where excellent hospital service was rendered during the erection of the present structure.

St. Mary's new hospital, an ornament to our beautiful city, was formally opened on February 22, 1911. The School of Nursing has steadily grown and today stands among the foremost schools in the State.

ELEANOR SLAVEN, '23.







REVEREND JAMES L. TAYLOR, S.J.



## To Our Chaplain

A BEACON BRIGHT,  
THAT SPREADS O'ER PATHWAYS OF OUR OWN;  
IMMORTAL LIGHT,  
STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART OF HEAVEN'S THRONE,

WITH FULLEST SPAN  
OF WORTH NE'ER MEANT FOR MORTAL EARS;  
IMMORTAL MAN,  
THOU'RT SONG THROUGHOUT THE ETERNAL YEARS.

*Frances McLaughlin, '25.*



## “Idealism” In The Nurse’s Education

THE successful treatment of the sick is due quite as much to the efficiency of the Trained Nurse as to the skill of the doctor. The very best doctors admit that their own success depends in no small measure upon the conscientious co-operation of the nurse.

The first question naturally presenting itself to those under whose eyes the Misericordia may come will be—What manner of nurse can St. Mary’s Training School turn out? This article is a modest attempt at a satisfactory answer by one who has had six years’ experience as Chaplain of the Institution.

*St. Mary’s Training School for Nurses should turn out the very best graduates.*

One of the oldest, and at present one of the largest institutions of the kind on the Pacific Coast, it has earned from the beginning an enviable reputation. Physicians and surgeons at the top notch of their profession, and a long list of patients from all ranks of society have been most generous in their praises of St. Mary’s nurses. As in every well conducted school of the kind much of their efficiency is doubtless due to the excellent theoretical knowledge imparted by competent teachers, and to the application of the science thus acquired under careful supervision and direction; but in the system of training obtained at St. Mary’s another element enters of very great educational value,—the religious element.

The present writer once heard one of the greatest living authorities on the scientific management of hospitals in the United States boldly assert it as his own unbiased opinion based on many years of experience and observation, that the Catholic Sister makes undoubtedly the best nurse. Pressed for the one sufficient reason for his candid statement, he said the Catholic nursing Sister’s superiority was mainly due to her idealism. It may be well to remark here that the distinguished gentleman is not a member of the Catholic Church.

This opinion of so eminent an authority suggests the reason why St. Mary’s Training School should turn out the very best nurse. In the last analysis the source of this “idealism” of the Catholic nursing Sister is her religion that enters so largely into her training.

Let us try and see the effect religion must produce in the efficient training of a nurse.

Your ideal nurse must possess together with the necessary theory



and requisite practical skill, a keen appreciation of the nobility of her vocation, and a thorough realization of the responsibility and obligations it involves.

The health and often the very life of her patient is placed as it were in her hands. Surely that vocation is pre-eminently noble carrying with it the greatest responsibility upon which these greatest of earthly blessings depend. Once a nurse is thoroughly imbued with a sense of her high calling and the grave obligations she has assumed, she will devote herself unreservedly to her task, calling into play every possible means at her disposal to bring about the desired result, her whole attitude towards her patient will be helpful; at all times patient; vigilant, never willingly neglectful; meekly firm as occasion requires.

Her very countenance, her carriage, her whole exterior deportment will always have a soothing, restful effect. Her words prudently uttered always cheerful and encouraging cannot but leave pleasant impressions because they are the sincere expression of the sentiments of her heart. In a word, her presence in the sick room will be as welcome as a flood of genial sunshine on a spring morning, casting out gloom and bringing in warmth, light and cheerfulness. Such, in brief, are some of the most salient qualifications to be found in your ideal nurse, seldom if ever actually found all together in one individual at the same time. they seem, according to the most competent judges, to be most effectively possessed by the Catholic Sister. What other reason can be alleged than her religion playing as it does so conspicuous a part in her life and training, her religion first impressed upon her mind and heart the sublimity of such a calling, setting before her the Divine Exemplar, the meek and gentle Jesus, going about everywhere doing good, particularly towards the sick, for whom He seems to have a special predilection.

Urged on by her holy desire of imitating that divine Model she makes the "Great Sacrifice" and joins a Religious Community whose chief work is the care of the sick for the love of Jesus Christ. As a member of that Community she cuts herself away from all ties of flesh and blood, renounces all right to property and earthly possessions, and binds herself irrevocably by sacred vows in order to be able with perfect abandon of her whole being to devote herself to her voluntary chosen task. Thus absolutely free and unhampered she goes through a training to fit herself for her life work, impelled by no other motive than the love of God, to be outwardly shown towards the suffering ones entrusted to her care. She is to expect no other recompense here below in this life, save the sweet consciousness of duty faithfully and well done. The only compensation for her services she is to seek, is "That Reward Exceed-



ingly Great'' promised by the divine Friend of the sick, the meek and gentle Jesus in that other life of His heavenly kingdom, to all who here below bear for His sake the sweet yoke of caring for the sick.

Is it any wonder that working under the benign influence of this sublime ideal supplied by her religion, the Catholic Sister makes even in the opinion of those not of her belief the most efficient nurse? What, it may be asked, have all these nice things said about the Catholic Sister to do with the statement made at the outset of this article that the graduates of St. Mary's Training School should be second to none in efficiency? The students of the institution are not religious Sisters, true, but what finally induced them to become students of St. Mary's? Undoubtedly the realization that no system of education may justly lay claim to even scientific completeness in which religion is not taken into account as an integral and necessary factor. In the training at St. Mary's that element exists and enters into it quite as largely and is as carefully seen to as any other. The students are constantly under the supervision and direction of religious Sisters, nor can they fail to be impressed by the beautiful example of the loving unselfish service towards the sick ever set before them by the Sisters. No Catholic girl may become a member of the school who is not a practical Catholic, faithful in the performance of her religious duties. Ample opportunity is given to all who so desire of attending daily Mass and of frequenting the sacraments. A branch of the Eucharistic League has been formed among the students, the chief devotional practice of which is The Holy Hour spent once a month before the Blessed Sacrament exposed on the Altar, an exercise of piety which they took to enthusiastically from the very beginning, and that has produced even in the comparatively short time since it was first introduced most gratifying results. In their annual retreat, and weekly catechetical instructions and spiritual lectures they are forcibly reminded of the dignity of their high calling and the grave responsibility and serious obligations it ever carries with it. On all these and many other occasions, to them as well as to the Sisters is held up the loving Savior as their model in their conduct towards the sick, irrespective of persons, time or place. They, too, are taught to fix their eyes on "The Reward Exceedingly Great" in store for duty well, constantly and faithfully done. Taking, then, into consideration this element of religion entering so largely and powerfully into their training,—a factor of very great educational value for efficiency as experience undoubtedly teaches, the statement that St. Mary's Hospital should turn out the very best nurse has not been made rashly.

REV. JAMES L. TAYLOR, S. J.



# SENIORS







Winifred Cornett

"Those thousand kindnesses that  
daily flow,  
From all her words and actions."

Margaret Slaven

"Sweetness, truth, and ev'ry grace,  
Which time and use are wont to  
teach,  
The eye may in a moment reach,  
And read distinctly in her face."

Eleanor Slaven

"So well to know her own, that what she  
wills to do or say  
Seems wisest, virtuous, best."

Anita Denham

"A soul of music, gentle and refined."

Myrtle McIntyre

"Virtue in her appears so bright  
and gay,  
We hear with pleasure, and  
with pride obey."

Elizabeth Quinn

"How far that little candle throws  
it's beam!  
So shines a good deed in a naughty  
world."





Margie Stump

"As pure as a pearl,  
And as perfect, a noble and  
innocent girl."

Wilhelmina Simon

"From little spark may burst a  
mighty flame."

Naidene McLaughlin

"A gentle girl, and generous too."

Eleanor Martin

"She doeth little kindnesses  
Which most leave undone, or despise."

Margaret Rowe

"In every gesture, dignity and  
love."

Adele Edwards

"Truth from her lips prevails with  
double sway."





Ann Sullivan  
 "Zealous, yet modest."

Agnes Scholten.  
 "It never was our guise,  
 To slight the poor, or aught hu-  
 mane despise."

Loretta Flynn  
 "She is innocent as gay, and gay  
 as innocent."

Catherine McCardle  
 "Patient of toil, serene amidst alarms."

Loretta Murphy  
 "Sober, steadfast and demure."

Elizabeth Collier  
 "Her kindness is her chiefest  
 charm."





Katherine Slaven  
 "A modest girl, and shy"

Margaret Mannion  
 "She keeps her wonted state,  
 With even step, and musing gate."

Francis Lycette  
 "A faithful girl and true."

Rosaleen McArdle  
 "She is witty to talk with."

Angela Shea  
 "One to warn, to comfort, and  
 command."

Catherine Shea  
 "To see her is to love her."





Virginia Hayes  
 "She smiled and the shadows  
 departed."

Gertrude Ahern  
 "Her airs, her manners, all who  
 saw, admired;  
 Courteous though coy, and gentle  
 though retired."

Josephine Wood  
 "She was ever gentle of speech."

Rose Alexander  
 "A friend worth gaining, for she is sincere  
 and true."

Marie McMahon  
 "As frank as rain on cherry  
 blossoms"

Alice DeSchamps  
 "Grace in every step, joy in her  
 eye."





Helene Navone  
 "Patient, peaceful, loving, true."

Mary Flynn  
 "She serveth not for praise."

Agnes Brown  
 "Outward sunshine, inward joy."

Mary Flannigan  
 "A mother's pride,  
 A father's joy."

Melinda Adair,  
 "So buxom, blithe and debonair."

Margaret Crowley  
 "With witty, yet prevailing force,  
 Intent upon her destined course."

Francis Crowley  
 "A noble nature, good to friend or foe."



## Senior Notes

THE month of vacations had come at last, June, that we had waited and planned for. The joy of going off duty without a thought of afternoon or evening class was to be ours for three months. Those who had not yet gone home and those whose two weeks in the country were already pleasant memories found it easy to substitute a racquet for a textbook. A prominent feature of the Senior class is their full-bounding athletic vein; leaders in the sport of tennis are Elizabeth Quinn, Anita Denham, Catherine and Angela Shea, while Virginia Hayes, Eleanor Martin and Margie Stump star in mountain climbing.

August brought us a real sorrow: Sister M. Philomeme, our Superintendent, was transferred to St. Mary's Hospital in Modesto. We, especially, felt the loss. Sister had been our steadfast friend since our probation days. With sincerely grateful hearts we tried to express our appreciation in an impromptu farewell entertainment; we wanted to show our gratitude for her untiring devotion, and our determination to prove it by doing the things worth while.

However earnest we were about the above statement, we would have fallen far short of its fulfillment without the guiding spirit of our new Superintendent, Sister M. Veronica. By her lofty aspirations and constant persevering effort our air-castles have become delightful realities, the imprint of our Senior year is our proudest boast and our pledge to prove worthy is deeply sincere.

St. Bernard's Feast revealed some unsuspected talent among our members, which once discovered can not be hidden. Our best efforts were put forth, for we knew it would be the last time that we, as students, would entertain Reverend Mother General on her feast day. True to her well-known thoughtfulness, Reverend Mother was not to be outdone. A surprise party in the dining room crowned the glad feast day.

The patronal feast of our dear directress brought us the wished for opportunity of expressing, not only our great debt to her, but the love that her constant devotion had won. We decided upon a "Play." It was to be a secret, the dining room was our place of hiding. Sister M. Lucy was our confidante and director. All was easy until we had to rehearse in the Hall. Once the climax nearly came. Sister unexpectedly walked in, stage set, performers dazed, but ere the scene could be fully grasped a quick-minded girl had thrown the room into darkness



while another led the intruder out with instructions not to ask any questions. Whatever suspicion this incident aroused in Sister's mind, the real presentation of the play surprised her almost to silence which, with her words of gratitude rewarded us many times over for our secret dramatic efforts.

The next surprise was given by Sister, when she quietly announced her plans for a reproduction of the play in St. Ignatius College Hall. The idea was thrilling: on the stage in a large hall before a public audience. A little more polishing and practise and we were ready for the great event. Thus was presented the first public programme by St. Mary's Student Nurses.

#### PROGRAMME

1. Orchestra.....Music furnished by orchestra of St. Ignatius College
2. Opening Chorus—Voices of the Woods.....*M. Watson*
3. Orchestra.

#### "A VIRGINIA HEROINE"

##### *Characters*

Miss Dare, Mistress of Greylawn.....	Eleanor Slavin
Margaret Leighton, Sister of Mrs. Dare.....	Catherine Shea
Virginia Leighton, Neice of Mrs. Dare and Mrs. Leighton and in love with Philip Lee.....	Loretta Flynn
Betty Dare, Mrs. Dare's daughter.....	Margaret Slaven
Ruth Lee, a Southern Girl championing the North.....	Adele Edwards
Bessie Allen.....	Catherine McCardle
Nellie Carey.....	Adele Edwards
(Virginia's friends with abnormal bumps of curiosity)	
Granny Royal, an old woman living at the edge of the woods	Margie Stump
Topsy, a self-constituted necessity.....	Virginia Hayes
Hilda, a Dutch cook, hostile to "Niggers".....	Wilhelmina Simon
Margaret Lane, the village gossip.....	Eleanor Martin



## SYNOPSIS:

Act I. Sitting room at Greylawn, House of Mrs. Dare.

Act II. Scene I. Home and garden of Granny Royal.

Scene 11. House and Garden of Granny Royal at evening.

Act III. A room at Greylawn.

TIME: A period during the Civil War.

PLACE: Virginia.

4. Act I.
5. Orchestra.
6. Vocal Solo, "That Irish Mother of Mine" .....Loretta Flynn
7. Act II, Scene I.
8. "Green Mountain Justice" .....Virginia Hayes
9. Act II, Scene II.
10. Violin Solo.....Gerald Hallanan
11. Orchestra.
12. Act III.
13. Peggy O'Neill's Dancing Class.
14. Orchestra.

We wish to express our appreciation of Sister M. Lucy who assumed entire charge of the direction of the play.

"Ask Sister Lucy" is a favorite expression among the students who are always confident that Sister will solve the problem. To Sister M. Ursula we are indebted for the finishing dramatic touches. A great hearty "Thank you" we owe to the faculty of St. Ignatius College for the many favors conferred.

For the remaining part of the term we were the entertained ones. Doctor James Eaves gave an illustrated lecture on San Michel and other historic points of interest.

Through the kindness of Mr. Martin we were treated to a Hawaiian Musicales.



The misbehavior of a very fine horse forced Miss Lenore McEvey, the possessor of a beautiful soprano voice, to seek the services of an eminent surgeon and the facilities of a modern hospital, hence another evening of music and song. Now that our dear patient is perfectly well we can hardly regret the accident. Her rich voice and her rare personality will long be remembered by every one at St. Mary's.

Professional lectures sometimes are delightful entertainments. Especially so was the illustrated lecture given by Dr. Esther Rosenkrantz on the Rollier Treatment.

"What shall I do when I am a Registered Nurse?" To help us to answer this question, Miss Anna C. Jammé in a delightful talk epitomized the many opportunities awaiting us. The private duty service, the nurse in rural districts, the Public Health nurse, and the Child Welfare nurse. The standard of our profession, measured by an appreciative community in a few words, "A little less than angels" is ever present in the mind of Miss Jammé when she addresses a Student Body, and her enthusiasm in maintaining this high ideal was taken up by her audience. Her glowing tribute to the Graduates of St. Mary's as leaders in public service was received with genuine family pride, stimulating each determined girl to greater things.

The first week in Lent brought to St. Mary's students a signal honor and a rare pleasure in the presence of our Most Reverend Archbishop Edward J. Hanna, who, with characteristic graciousness, responded to Reverend Mother General's invitation to officiate at our formal Reception as members of the Eucharistic League.

His inspiring presence, and his eloquent pleading for a greater love of our Eucharistic Lord, filled us with a new ardor and imprinted in our minds sweet and lasting memories of our school branch of the Eucharistic League.

An informal meeting in the assembly hall with our beloved Prelate closed the happy evening, and his gracious promise to come again was gladly placed on the list of anticipated joys.

On Holy Saturday, Adele Edwards, our ardent catachumen entered the portal of the Faith, taking the name Mary Adele. She was sponsored by Eleanor Slaven.

Anita Denham and Katherine Slaven forced to play the role of patients, returned the last week of April. They had been the invalid guests of Mrs. Baloun of Ross and Mrs. Simon of Woodland, respectively, and now to our pleasure have reported "perfectly well."

With what joy we anticipate the opening of our new Nurses' Home



on Stanyan and Grove Streets. Reconstruction is now progressing speedily and ere long we will be the happy occupants of a real home with all the things that go to make girls happy and comfortable.

The beautiful statue in our dining room is an evidence of Sister Mary Lucy's ardent devotion to our Immaculate Mother, and the generosity of the graduate and student nurses.

The eve of May is the occasion of one of our sweetest school customs when as true children of our Virgin Mother, we assemble to crown our chosen Queen.

For the last time, in our school uniform of blue and white, we have gathered round her altar, adorned with blushing roses and fairest lilies, and lovingly crowned her with the opening May.

“The ice bonds of winter are broken,  
Again we hail sweet May,  
And Mary, blessed Mary, we're crowning  
As our chosen Queen today.”

LORETTA MURPHY, '23.





## Ave Maria

Here upon bended knee,  
Gentle Mother, Virgin fair,  
We commend ourselves to Thee  
Ere we leave this home of prayer.

Be our counsellor and guide  
Through this vale of tears and strife.  
Keep us close to Jesus' side,  
Lead us to eternal life.





THE ANGELUS



## The Angelus

WE cannot but admire the wisdom of the Church in summarising so many of her principal doctrines in popular devotions. It makes the devotions more attractive and intelligible, and it impresses the doctrines more indelibly on the memory. When in addition, these devotions are performed at stated times, the faithful are made to live more in harmony with the spirit of the ecclesiastical year. The Sign of the Cross, the Rosary, the Stations of the Cross are, as it were, popular epitomes of doctrine, but the Angelus has one outstanding advantage of compelling the attention of the faithful at three different times of the day to the great mystery of the Incarnation.

There is a good deal of doubt about the origin of this devotion, for while some things are fairly certain, there is a large amount that is purely conjectural. One thing is certain, that in the beginning, there was only an evening Angelus, the morning and mid-day Angelus being of later date. We can trace the custom of ringing church bells at sunset as far back as the beginning of the thirteenth century, and we know for certain that the practice of saying three Hail Mary's in the evening about sunset had become general throughout Europe in the beginning of the fourteenth century, and that it was indulgenced by Pope John in 1318 and 1327. Most probably it originated in a desire to imitate the Compline office or night prayers of the monks.

Shortly after the recital of the three Hail Mary's at evening had become familiar, we find a similar custom establishing itself for the morning, corresponding very probably to the Prime office or morning prayers of the monks. The midday bell is of later origin, and definite evidence about it does not appear until the year 1472, when it was formally approved for France by Louis XI, and seems to have been connected with devotion to the Passion of Christ. It spread from France quickly throughout Europe, and in the beginning of the sixteenth century received the approval of the Holy See.

It can be seen from what has been said that the heart of the devotion, so to speak, is the recitation three times of the Hail Mary, in the early morning, at noon, and again about sunset. In later times there have been added three introductory versicles, and a concluding versicle and prayer. The first two versicles and responses are taken from the first chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, while the third versicle and response are the fourteenth verse of the first chapter of the Gospel of St. John.



We meet them in complete form as the Angelus not earlier than the year 1612.

Not content with approving and recommending so appropriate a devotion as the Angelus, the Church, anxious to encourage its recitation still further, has enriched it with indulgences. A plenary indulgence may be gained once a month, by all those who, every day, at the sound of the bell, morning, noon, and evening, shall say on their knees the Angelus. A partial indulgence of one hundred days is gained in addition for each single recitation. It should also be mentioned that the Angelus must be said standing on all Sundays of the year, beginning with First Vespers, that is, on Saturday evening also. Those who cannot say the Regina Coeli which is prescribed instead of the Angelus during the Paschal season, may gain all the indulgences by reciting the Angelus. Moreover, if being engaged at other duties, or because there is no bell rung, it is impossible to say the Angelus at the sound of the bell, the indulgences may still be gained by saying it at approximately the hours specified. Those who do not know or cannot read the Angelus prayers may gain the indulgences by saying five Hail Mary's three times. What has been said with regard to this devotion will, it is believed, be sufficient to stimulate the zeal and piety of the reader to a higher appreciation and a more careful practice of this devotion.

REV. DANIEL J. O'KELLY.





# Editorial

## MISERICORDIA

A FOURTH of our term had elapsed, a term that had already promised to be one remarkable for great things in the School of Nursing, when we were thrilled with a new joy as Sister revealed her plans for a School Journal.

Fired with enthusiasm, we were all ready for work. The first thing, of course, was the election of a staff. A little time was given for hard thinking, then nominating and voting. It was a lively session, resulting in the formation of a complete editorial staff with a Student Body confident of the wisdom of their selection.

A few cold showers here and there served only to stimulate the circulation of enthusiasm. Everyone knew that it meant work and every one was willing to work. Soon business managers were conferring with printers, photographers, advertising managers, and cut-makers. Artists, poets, authors and scientific experts put their thoughts on paper. Discouragement was given the cold shoulder.

And now, Dear Reader, our reward is in your hands. If you are pleased, we are; if our fond hopes have been realized, all our efforts are repaid beyond measure.

With just pride we look back upon the records of our School and with keen pleasure note the accomplishments of our worthy predecessors. One special distinction we proudly claim: that our first graduate has, with remarkable success held for years the responsible position of Superintendent of our Hospital. Realizing that we are now reaping the fruit of the efforts of our pioneer nurses, we have endeavored to show our appreciation of their merits. The distinction which the School has won is theirs, and is cherished with loyal pride by their younger sisters. In prophetic vision we see our treasured Misericordia marking each passing year in fulfillment of its purpose and becoming in each number more worthy of our beloved Alma Mater.

We wish to express our gratitude to Mr. Charles F. Walsh who, in "Our Prince's Name," has poetically paid our tribute to our Beloved Archbishop, Most Reverend Edward J. Hanna.

We wish also to express our gratitude to those who aided us in so many ways, especially to those who so generously gave to the amateur staff their precious time and invaluable service.



“MERCY” was a word of predilection with Mother Catherine McAuley; a predilection ever to be found among her devoted children, and as is evident by the TITLE OF THIS BOOK, a word dear to every student in our School.

In the following lines, composed quite impromptu by Mother McAuley at the request of the Sisters, one may catch the spirit of the saintly Foundress:

“Sweet Mercy, soothing, patient, mild and kind,  
Softens the high and lifts the fallen mind;  
Knows with soft rein and even hand to guide,  
Nor yields to fear, nor knows exacting pride;  
Not soon provoked, it easily forgives,  
Is all to all, and with a look relieves;  
Soft peace it brings wherever it arrives,  
Removes our pains, and crowns with joy our lives.”

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#### CATHOLIC WOMEN'S ORGANIZATION

“TO reach the hearts of men and take away their bitterness, that they may live henceforth in fellowship one with another—this is woman's vocation in respect to public affairs and the service which she by nature is best fitted to render.”

This is the moderate yet broad view of national Catholicism on the subject of woman in her relation to the enlarged sphere of woman's activity and responsibility.

The influence for good that woman can now wield in political and social life is tremendous. The influence that woman with organized co-operation, can wield is inestimable. To do things on a bigger scale in a national way there must be national union, earnest and sincere assemblage; there must be organization.

In woman, long secluded within the narrow sphere of family life, the feeling of social solidarity has been very slowly awakened. The pre-occupation of rearing a family has been allowed to interfere with the new duty of the ballot. If the realization of this responsibility had been previously manifest, as it is now, Catholic woman would have seen the



reasons why she should have prepared herself for her new task, and grasped her new opportunity.

The most convincing motive is, that the vote of Catholic women must balance and, if possible, outweigh proportionately that of non-religious women. For the latter are taking advantage of their new-found power. They are conscious of their strength and are determined to push forward their programs. There is no reason why Catholic women should not utilize their power and be recognized as doing so. Let them organize and show that suffrage for our Catholic women is not a privilege to be used or put aside, according to whim or style. The preservation of their most sacred rights is dependent upon their vigilant watch over proposed legislation, either in the legislative halls themselves, or in the councils of self-appointed Women's Parties; in faithfully registering their ballots at the election booth; in strong affiliation one with another to combat those whose aim is to strike at our traditions of liberty. We must show concentrated action over a large field, and we must get beyond the merely human element. We must make the bond spiritual. Added to efficiency, intelligence, labor, and energy, this truly Christian organization will prove a potent factor in accomplishing the truly great things we dream about.

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### MOTHER

"If I were drowned in the deepest sea,  
I know whose love would come down to me;  
Mother O' Mine, Mother O' Mine."

HOW many times these consoling words of Kipling come to the nurse in training. How many hours of discouragement, how many heartaches, how many unkind thoughts has the thought of Mother touched with love and sunshine.

There is nothing in the world that brings home to the young girl the appreciation she owes to her Mother more than the contact with human nature that the nurse has daily. From the very beginning of life to its last few hours, man turns to the one and only Mother.

Dear Mother, if at any time you doubt the love of that babe that you today hold in your arms and tomorrow will send out into the world, come



with me, a nurse to the bedside of the fever-stricken lad of twenty, to the operating room where men and women fight for life, and to the death-bed of the old, old man. Whom are they calling with all their little strength? Mother—tender, loving, faithful Mother. And the reason for that, Mother, be you rich or poor, great or small, is again explained by Kipling:

“If I were damned to the depths of Hell,  
Mother O’ Mine, Mother O’ Mine  
I know whose prayers would follow me still,  
Mother O’ Mine, Mother O’ Mine.”

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#### REFLECTIONS OF A SURGICAL NURSE

**B**ESIDE the Masterpiece of God’s handiwork as we stand prepared to assist, while the skilled surgeon delicately and deftly proceeds with his technique of operation, many thoughts fill our mind.

The marvelous intricacies, the perfect law and order of this human system silence us into deep and reverent thought. We see it a fit dwelling place for the immortal soul, “made unto the image and likeness of God”; and we share in the Psalmist’s wonder “What is man that Thou art so mindful of him? Thou hast made him a little less than the angels”





## The Holy Hour

Behold, dear Lord, I take my place with Thee  
On Olive's mount, when sorrow's bitter flood  
Submerged Thy Soul, and where Thy Precious Blood  
In anguish spilled, cried out to Heaven for me.

Amid Thy loved ones, Lord, beneath the Cross,  
I see Thy thorn-crowned Head, Thy spear-pierced Side,  
Thy lash-torn Body, of Its crimson tide  
In agony bereft, repair man's loss.

On Easter Morn, with others to the Tomb  
I hasten. They, with unguents rich and rare  
Seek to anoint Thee; I, in hope and prayer,  
Join Angel hosts in chanting Satan's doom.

Thus e'er, dear Lord, on spirit wings of love  
I fly in holy Reparation's hour.  
Teach, guide, protect me in Thy mighty power,  
And I will watch with Thee in Heaven above.





OFFICERS OF THE EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE



## Eucharistic League

WITH characteristic zeal for the development of all that is best and noblest in the Student Body, and prompted by her own great devotion to our Eucharistic Lord, Reverend Mother General on the feast of St. Bernard, her glorious patron, obtained for our School the inestimable privileges of the Eucharistic League.

Organization of the League was deferred until the opening of the scholastic year. This was the special feature of the first Student Body meeting, at which a very lively interest was evinced, resulting in the election of the following members:—

President.....	Reverend Mother Bernard
Vice-President.....	Sister Mary Veronica
Secretary.....	Miss Wilhelmina Simon
Class Officers.....	[ Miss Myrtle McIntyre
	Miss Gertrude Ahern
	Miss Eva Toole
	Miss Marcella Clark
Organist.....	Miss Gertrude Ahern
Directress of Music and Singing.....	Sister Mary Lucy

Selection of class patrons was next in order, disclosing favorites among the great lovers of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

Senior Class.....	The Little Flower
Intermediates.....	Our Lady of Mercy
Juniors .....	Mother McAuley
Preparatory.....	St. Margaret Mary

Every spare moment was claimed by Sister Mary Lucy; for the new choir must practise, and before long we were ready for our first Holy Hour.

How happy our Guardian Angels must have been on that first Holy Hour night (September 28th), when they led us in to the Sacred presence of our Eucharistic King exposed high upon the Altar, Who surrounded by angelic court waited to receive our Act of Consecration and bless our fond desire to honor Him in the adorable Sacrament of His love, and who can measure the gladness of our Angel Guides as they



accompanied us next morning to the Eucharistic Banquet. Month after month this joy is renewed as we faithfully keep our promise to "Watch an Hour with Him" and nourish our souls with the "Bread of Life."

In addition to the Holy Hour once a month the members of the League constitute a Guard of Honor during exposition of the Blessed Sacrament on the First Friday and other feast days throughout the year. Commencing at seven in the morning two students take their place of honor and keep guard for one-half hour when they are replaced by other guards so that during the entire day the Eucharistic Throne is guarded until the Divine Prisoner is again enclosed after Benediction.

May we not hope that, in some small measure at least, we are responding to the Pleading Heart when He said to St. Margaret Mary, "I have an ardent thirst to be loved by men in the Most Blessed Sacrament" and may we catch even a little of the ardor of the Little Flower as she boldly declares "I will love, love Him as He has never yet been loved."

WILHELMINA SIMON.



## The Pleading Heart Consoled

The world was cold, and sad the Heart Divine,  
Neglected, spurned, in tabernacle lone,  
Pining for human souls; nor could atone  
What raptured worship seraph choirs could bring  
Downbent, adoring, to their outraged King.

Day followed day; months wasted into years;  
"Crush, crush the ingrates" fretted justice cried,  
"Nay," Mercy pleaded, "there is still untried  
The league of heart with heart; for, well we know,  
Ember to ember joined will brightly glow."

So Mercy gained the day and solace sweet  
Brought to the Heart Divine. Fire answered fire  
And leaped to meet in union of desire.  
"Thy Kingdom come," uprose the thrilling cry;  
"Ye are my Kingdom," was the fond reply.

"Behold the Heart that gave its all to men,  
Come, rest in Me in Reparation's hour.  
Peace dwells eternal here, and life, and power  
To sanctify each deed, soothes every ill,  
And zeal's most ardent wish wise blessings fill."

No longer cold but fired with fervent love  
The League is prostrate at the altar's throne.  
Brothers that seek for brothers to atone,  
And solace to Christ's pleading Heart to bring,  
The Heart Divine of Brother and of King.

—*Sister Mary Vincent.*



## The Nurse's Uniform

“ANGELS of ministering white.” This is the appellation bestowed upon us by observant writers. This is the impression which the world has of its white-robed nurses. Certainly there must be a depth of foundation to merit such a sublime and unquestioned tribute. Whence comes its value? Surely it is not from the white cloth itself. That may deck the person of a different type—a maid, a waitress, a stewardess, or others. But the impression given is quite different from that of our uniform. Why, then, has the nurse’s garb a special distinction; why does it appeal to the world so impressively? It is not without significance that the Red Cross, the “Universal Mother,” chose a uniformed nurse as its pictured ideal.

All uniforms have a special character to express, a particular personality to indicate. The soldier’s khaki speaks of warfare, discipline, the country’s defence, battlefields. The sailor, too, with his loose blouse and wide-mouthed trousers, blue as the ocean itself, reminds us of storm-swept decks and Neptune’s realm. Similarly we picture all the power and stern majesty of law, all its strength of protection, when we look upon a policeman’s uniform. But these ideas and impressions come solely from the uniform itself. It is the few yards of woolen cloth, cut and fashioned, colored and trimmed in a particular way, that convey so much to our minds. The wearer of any uniform is merely a normal human being who has certain mental or physical endowments that go with his daily occupation. No sailor would impress us as such if he were in civilian clothing. An army general, in an evening suit, is merely a citizen. Or, to offer a greater contrast, let us consider an incident that occurred some years ago. A boy was drowning in a muddy river. His companions stood helplessly on the bank, screaming for help. From a boat not far away, several men dived overboard, and one of them eventually reached the spot where the boy had disappeared. Diving below, he rescued the lad and brought him safely to the shore. People had gathered meanwhile, and they all praised the rescuer, pressing familiarly about him. But the man broke away from them, returned to the boat and put on dry clothing. He soon reappeared to learn if the rescued boy had recovered and the crowd gasped in surprise. The hero wore a Roman collar! It needed but a few inches of linen—the priest’s “uniform”—to change him in the eyes of the world. This is the psychology of dress, of uniforms, of decoration.

It is true, of course, that “the cowl does not make the monk,” nor

does the uniform make the nurse, but it does indicate those qualities and characteristics of her profession that place her in a special class, apart from all others. Moreover, the uniform inspires confidence, resignation, and faith in patients. It brings to the nurse the whole world's respect. Apart from her uniform, she is merely a lay woman, regardless of her professional worth. Experience proves this time after time.

Not long ago, there was a railroad wreck in which many persons were injured. Conspicuous among the uninjured passengers who aided the sufferers was a certain woman who labored tirelessly and skillfully, directing others and toiling heedless of her own welfare or comfort. She was a graduate nurse. Yet, as soon as doctors and white-clad nurses arrived on the scene, she was forgotten, discarded, because she was clothed in ordinary dress. The attention, the hopes, the dependence of the injured were given wholly to the uniformed nurses.

And if the uniform impresses the laity, it likewise has a power of suggestion for the nurse herself. She is inspired by it with a realization of her position and her duty. She could not work effectively without it. From the first day of her probation, on through every day of her professional life, she feels the position and the responsibilities while wearing her uniform, that she misses in herself at other times.

There are two characteristics of the nurse's uniform that distinguish it from all others. One is the cap, and the other is the uniform's color—white. It is true similar caps are worn by other classes of women, just as white is common to many types of uniform. But taken together, these two distinguish the nurse. The white is symbolic of the nurse's character. It is the perfect color, for it includes all colors. It suggests purity, cleanliness, brightness, all that is untainted. Clarity of mind, health of body, and purest ideals should come as second nature to the woman uniformed in white. It is the outward expression of her heart and mind. Her white cap symbolizes her profession—duty above everything, charity, and self-sacrifice. Therefore the nurse loves her white uniform and strives to fulfill its lofty promises and ideals. And ailing humanity's thousands look upon the nurse and her uniform in gratitude, admiration, and respect; cherishing always the "angel of ministering white."

ELIZABETH QUINN, '23.



## Two Days and Two Nights

I AM looking for the people who write so alluringly in the Summer Vacation "Ad" about the joys of country life. Or the glib authors of those seductive "Farm and Health" descriptions we see in every magazine. I wonder if any of those writers ever got nearer to farm life than their morning milk, their noon ham and eggs and their evening vegetables. Maybe my rustic life was exceptional, at any rate it only lasted for two days, which was quite long enough and live enough for me.

Last summer my best friend, Irma Smith, prevailed on me to visit her home. She lives in the city, but was born and reared on a large farm, not many hours' ride from here, and Irma always spends her vacations there. We planned a pleasant and strenuous week-end. Irma's brother was to meet me at the train, and my first glimpse of rural bliss, Irma told me, would be the "delightful drive" to her house. Naturally I pictured the entire scene— a Mission station, a "Rolls Rough" beside it, and a bronzed Apollo greeting me. I could hardly wait for the day! So I spent the intervening time in dreamy anticipation.

The day, the taxi, the train, and myself, all came in due time, and after three hours of comfortless traveling I found myself standing on the "platform" of my "depoe." My eyes turned from the tiny shed that did service as a station, to the fast-disappearing train—the only moving thing in sight. All about me was an endless landscape of ripened wheat, some of it just recently mowed down like a yellow lawn. Not a human being could be seen.

I decided that Irma's brother must have had a "blow-out," and in spite of the scorching sun, I bravely set out on foot, hoping to meet him. I had gone just far enough to reach the depths of despair, when along came an animated overalls "ad," driving one of the "rigs" that I had seen before only in ancient histories. I was covered with dust, my face streaked with perspiration, and my hat balancing on my medulla oblongata. No wonder the overall youth offered me a ride! "Sorry I was late," he apologized, "I was told to meet you." My lips were too dry, my tongue too dust-laden, for me to do more than nod in reply. I supposed, naturally, that Irma's brother was "stalled" somewhere and he had sent this swain instead.

The road was so rough that I could easily picture its ruinous effect on autos. And I was too tired to talk, my remaining strength being spent in holding to the seat while the buggy creaked and rattled over the road.



When the Smith farm was finally pointed out by the driver, I was glad to interest my tired mind on it. "If you want to take a short cut," said Overalls, "you could hike right across that field—it takes you to the back door." I was only too glad to get out of the chariot, so I left the driver promptly, he promising to leave my suitcase at the house after he put up the rig. The barn, I saw, was some distance away, and I really would save time and patience by short-cutting across the field. There was a sort of path, beaten through the wheat. Irma saw me coming and ran to greet me. "Oh, I'm so glad Jim met you," she exclaimed, "I was afraid he would be late." I stared at her. "Was that your brother?" I wheezed. "Why of course!" Thus occurred my first surprise—but by no means the last. The Mission depot I could overlook, but the Valentino brother and his one-horse power "Sick Streets" was a complete shock. Anyway it prepared me for subsequent events. I could stand anything after that—at least I thought I could.

After greeting Irma's parents and her junior brothers, I was glad to get a chance to admire Irma's pretty room, bright and neat, and to cool my face, tidy my appearance and face the world calm and dust-free. After a little lunch I started out to visit the farm. Irma was busy so she told me to wander around and make myself acquainted. I did. My first visit was to the pig-pen—I always loved ham and bacon. The farm brand was new to me, however. I picked up a cute piggy and its mother picked on me. I had just time to see she was very unsociable, so I dropped my porcine kewpy and ruined my suede shoes, reaching the gate before Mama Pork could reach me. Naturally, I forgot to close the gate after me—I hadn't time—and the whole Pig family followed. I learned afterwards that they did not wander far—just around the cabbage patch. Then I sought more open spaces. I rambled through a nice meadow, admiring the "contented cows." A young gentleman cow spotted my red hat and my! didn't he get quickly discontented! He snorted and sneezed, pawed excitedly for a minute, then started towards me, mooing profanely. I ran for a narrow space in the nearest fence and reached it ahead of Bull Junior. But would you believe it?—he actually helped me to squeeze through!

I was so tired that I gladly sat down to cool off on a long bench that had several boxes on it. The place was swarming with big flies that buzzed all around me. I lifted up one of the boxes to see what was in it, and really, I was surprised. I had picked up a bee-hive. Thousands of the "big flies" tore after me as I ran, and Irma later told me I was lucky. I didn't think so, but my face escaped injury. However, I



shall always retain a special sympathy for people who suffer from hives. I never realized what it meant, before.

That evening we listened to Irma's mother reading to the family circle from the "Christian Pilgrim." It was their usual night entertainment. Occasionally some one of the dogs moaned, not at all unlike the droning of Mother Smith's voice. I was about to doze off when that good woman suddenly arose, soundly boxed the youngest boy's ears, and declared that "company or no company, she would allow no child to mimic her." Evidently the offender was an irrepressible humorist, used to hard knocks.

I wasn't sorry when we retired to sleep, early as it would appear to city people. I was tired hours before and planned a long, perfect sleep. It wasn't to be. The juvenile brother had secreted my fox fur under Irma's pillow, and Irma knew nothing of it until during the night when she felt the fur in her sleep. Her wild screams woke the whole farm, for she thought, half-sleepily, that a complete live menagerie hid under the pillow. The subsequent howls of the trickster failed to calm Irma or pacify me, though they satisfied maternal justice.

The early morning on a farm is a breaking time. Day breaks, sleep breaks, silence breaks, and the fast is broken; the house is a bedlam of noise. I stayed in bed because I wanted sleep more than breakfast, so it was close to lunch time when I got up.

That evening we attended a barn dance. We all—Irma, her overalls brother, and I—drove to a neighboring barn for the festivity. By this time I knew well the meaning of "driving" in rural districts. The crowd was numerous and jolly. There was a big barn cleared and cleaned for the dance, the floor rough but slippery, and a "wall-flowers" rest, fashioned from crude benches and planks. But we did have fun, and plenty of it—sincere pleasure, loud hilarity, plain happiness.

The barn was lighted with farm lanterns, concealed under many-colored shades. The local fiddler was aided by a rural accordionist for the occasion, and the music was lively and energetic if unconventional. We stopped dancing at eleven o'clock, in order to eat a rich, palatable and too-generous lunch, then we had a "Goodnight" dance and left for home. The moon shone brightly, the air was sweetly cold, but I was too sleepy to appreciate it. Irma's shoulder proved an inviting pillow, so I slept. Before we reached home I was sufficiently awake to realize that the "old, grey mare" was breaking speed records, due to a scare from a nocturnal rabbit's appearance. We were tossed and jostled violently, and Irma was too frightened to explain. I felt too mean to do more than compliment the helpless driver on his speed.

The second night on the farm! Silent, serene night of quiet and peace. Only an occasional break to its monotony—a dog's bark, a cow's protesting bellow, or the ignorant crowing of a juvenile rooster. I had slept in the rig coming home, so I lay sleepless and restless in bed. I thought of the country—its scenes, its activities and its noises. . . .and I longed for the city with its hundred faults. At home—my home—I might miss the clear air, the solemn quiet, the peace of country life. But I should also miss the empty day, the stern labors, the animals, the snakes, the spiders, the bees, all that the country had shown to me. At home I could walk free from wild animals or wanton dust, and I could sleep all forenoon, undisturbed.

So I decided to return to city life on the afternoon train. Before leaving I essayed my last attempt at farm activity—I milked a cow. It was a good cow, old and gentle, but I had no previous introduction to her. Irma had given full directions. I balanced myself on the one-legged stool, secured the pail between my shaky knees, and tugged hopefully at the lacteal springs. Irma had even explained how I might "strip" a cow. But it meant nothing to me. I went through the motions. "Bossy" gave me one mean look, and then I fell off the stool, dropped the milk pail, and lay prostrate watching Bossy running away. That ended me with farm life. I found an excuse to cut my visit short, and soon was on the afternoon train to the city. Country life, I have enough of it. More than ever I love the farm—in its urban form of ham, eggs, bacon and cream, preferably cooked—and served in a city apartment.

MARGIE STUMP, '23.





# Hospital Staff

## *Surgeon and Gynecologist*

Thomas Edward Bailly, Ph. D. F. A. C., S. M. D.

## *Surgeon*

Theodore Rethers, F. A. C. S., M. D.

## *Physician and Surgeon*

Charles D. McGettigan, A. M., M. D.

## *Pediatrician*

Charles C. Mohun, A. M., M. D.

## *Gastro-Enterologist*

Edward Hanlon, M. D.

## *Neurologist*

Milton B. Lennon, A. M., M. D.

## *Chaplain*

Reverend James L. Taylor, S. J.

## *Pathologist*

Elmer W. Smith, M. D.

## *Dermatologist*

Howard Morrow, M. D.

## *Orthopedist*

Thomas J. Nolan, M. D.

## *Obstetrician*

Charles C. Mohun, A. M., M. D.

## *Specialists*

(Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat)

Francis J. S. Conlan, M. D.

Larz A. Smith, M. D.

## *Urologist*

Charles P. Mathé

## *Associate Surgeons*

Guido E. Caglieri, B. Sc., F. R. C. S., F. A. C. S., M. D.

Edward Topham, M. D.

James Eaves, M. D.

F. J. Knorp, M. D.

## *Associate Physicians*

Stephen Cleary, M. D.

Herman V. Hoffman, A. M., M. D.

John Haderle, M. D.

William C. Hopper, M. D.

Joseph Roger, M. D.

## *Roentgenologist*

Monica Donovan, M. D.

## *Surgeon Dentist*

Thos. H. Morris, D. D. S.

## *Resident Physician*

Hubert Arnold, A. M., A. B., M. D.



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WE take this opportunity of extending our sincere gratitude to our physicians who have constantly manifested in so generous a way, their deep interest in our school activities, contributing thereby, in no small way, to the social success of our school year. Especially is our gratitude due to our staff lecturers who have given us from the richness of their store, not only in the class room, but who have continued their instructions at the bedside and in the laboratories.

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Faculty  
of  
ST. MARY'S SCHOOL OF NURSING

---

SISTER MARY VERONICA.....*Directress*

MISS ANNA A. HUGHES.....*Instructress*

DR. F. J. S. CONLAN

DR. E. TOPHAM

DR. W. C. HOPPER

DR. M. LENNON

DR. E. SMITH

DR. H. V. HOFFMAN

DR. C. P. MATHE'

DR. R. HARVEY

DR. A. ARNOLD

DR. H. ARNOLD

DR. S. BURNS

DR. G. OVIEDO

SISTER MARY AUSTIN, G. D.

SISTER MARY ROSALIA, R. PH.

## Hospital Vocabulary

All through the hours that light my day,  
From early morn till slumbers call,  
Ten million ogres bar my way,  
And round about my pathway crawl.

It's words and words, piled high on words;  
They've made my head one throbbing ache;  
They've come in droves, and countless herds,  
A million claws my poor brains rake.

It's words for tissues built or broke,  
In Latin tongue long years forgot;  
It's words so long, they'd surely choke  
The widest mouthed Hottentot.

It's words that scream for plain sore throat,  
It's words for pains in hands or toes;  
It's words for thin or stout or bloat,  
And what a gem is my poor nose.

I may no longer simply cough,  
Nor have a good old fashioned sneeze;  
My lingual members twisted off,  
By words some learned (?) Doc decrees.

Begone, Ye philologic shapes,  
That round my slumbers twist and curl!  
And rise and grin like mocking apes,  
And make my cerebellum whirl.

And when I'm gone, and peaceful lie,  
Safe where the daisies shoot their roots,  
Let owlish M. D. never try,  
To wake me with his learned hoots.

And let no word engraved be,  
On mem'ry's tablet o'er me raised;  
At least in death let me be free:—  
If this be done, then men be praised.

—*Anna Ebinger*, '25





## Immunology

**B**ACTERIAL disease is one of the worst enemies the human race has to combat. Infectious diseases are acquired through the invasion of pathogenic bacteria, although bacterial organisms such as streptococci, staphylococci, and pneumococci which may be pathogenic are frequently present upon mucous membranes of the digestive tract, or upon the skin of normal healthy persons. The intestines contain a great many varieties of bacteria, only a few of which under certain conditions of lowered resistance produce disease. The invasion, multiplication and resulting disease is called an infection. Nature has provided the body with three natural defenses against bacterial invasion: (1) a covering more or less unsuitable for bacterial growth; (2) the ability to produce chemical substances which either kill the organisms or render their poisons inert; and (3) the power of certain cells to engulf and destroy the invaders.

Organisms that are strictly parasitic and therefore can not grow apart from the human body must be transferred from one person to another by direct contact in order to produce the disease in a second person. Diseases produced by these organisms are said to be contagious. Disease producing organisms not so strictly parasitic gain entrance to a second person by means of contaminated material or contact. Diseases produced in this manner are said to be infectious.



All pathogenic bacteria have a certain degree of power to overcome the defensive forces of the body. This is known as virulence. A few organisms only are necessary to produce disease in some instances, while in other instances millions of bacteria may be necessary, depending upon the virulence of the invading organisms and the susceptibility of the person.

As a result of the invasion of pathogenic bacteria, there is a poison or toxin liberated due to bacterial action. There are two kinds of toxins, (1) Exotoxin, a soluble poison liberated by the bacteria themselves due to bacterial activity; (2) Endotoxin, a poison produced through the disintegration of dead bacteria.

Along with the defensive forces of the body there are elements in the blood, which when stimulated by any foreign organisms produce an antibody or chemical substance to counteract the effect of the invading germs and their toxins. For example, diphtheria produces a powerful toxin which if not neutralized at once may be most fatal. As this toxin can not always be neutralized in the body itself, other means have been devised outside the body to make up the deficiency. This is a form of immunity.

Immunity in its broadest sense means resistance of the body to invasion by bacterial agents. The development of an immunity is a very complicated problem and resembles a battle between an invading army and a defensive force, both sides battling for supremacy. The presence of the invading germs stimulates the body cells to defend the host by actively producing substances termed anti-bodies. These anti-bodies try to get rid of the invading forces or neutralize their products. Whatever the nature of the toxin or foreign protein of the offensive side, the body cells attempt to produce an anti-toxin to combat it. The term antigen is generally applied to all substances that cause the formation and appearance of antibodies in the body fluids. The term antibody is used to designate the entire group of specific substances produced by the body cells in reaction against the various antigens. Certain antibodies act by neutralizing their antigens, others by agglutination of the bacteria or precipitation of certain of their products; and others by completely dissolving their antigens. Still others may so lower the resistance of their antigens as to render them an easy prey for the phagocytes. The various antibodies differ in the manner of their attack upon their antigens.

The cellular theory was adopted by Metchnikoff, that all cells that have amebic motion are capable of enveloping small particles, and it has been proven that certain cells of the body and particularly the leuco-



cytes have that power. Therefore the leucocytes might rid the body of infectious material and thus bring about a state of immunity. These cells are likened to scavengers and are called phagocytes. These phagocytes during an infection are mainly occupied in picking up and disposing of offensive material.

There are two types of immunity, natural and acquired. The normal power of resisting any specific infection or foreign protein is called a natural immunity. Immunity on the other hand may be acquired either accidentally or artificially, by a member of an ordinarily susceptible species. This is then called acquired immunity. Natural immunity may be known as individual, racial or species as demonstrated by the fact that certain diseases which affect man do not normally affect animals; e. g., the influenza bacillus does not attack animals. On the other hand certain diseases affecting animals do not occur in man; e. g., chicken cholera. There is also a racial immunity between the various races or nationalities of the human race. This is a natural immunity. The difference in individual resistance or susceptibility to infection is well marked in epidemics where certain members of a family escape while all the other members are affected.

Acquired immunity may be developed through having the specific disease once, which generally renders the person immune. This is true of many of the infectious diseases and practically all of the exanthemata.

Active artificial immunity is gained by injecting an attenuated form of virus or a quantity of a killed bacterial suspension of the infectious agent of a disease. Through this injection the body cells are stimulated to create an anti-body. This is termed active immunization. This method of injecting bacterial suspensions is especially useful against that class of bacteria in which the cell bodies are more poisonous than their products. Many bacteria produce a very strong soluble poison or toxin when grown in fluid media. Animals can be immunized against this class of bacteria by the inoculation of gradually increasing doses of the specific poison or toxin. The *Bacillus Diphtheria* and *Bacillus Tetanus* are the most important among this class. Anti-bodies thus created are called antitoxins.

Passive immunity is obtained by the injection of antitoxins, as, e. g. the *Diphtheria* and *Tetanus* antitoxins. Sera containing these antitoxins are termed antitoxin sera.

Bacteria which exert their harmful action rather by the contents of the bacterial cells, than by secreted soluble toxins produce antibodies in



the blood which are directed against the invading organisms themselves. These substances possess the power of destroying or causing dissolution of the specific germ used in their production or rendering the body an unsuitable soil for their growth. This is termed anti-bacterial sera and is extremely useful in the prophylactic treatment of meningitis, pneumococcal infections, etc.

Diphtheria Bacilli generally develop in the upper respiratory tract. A swab of the throat is easily taken and the bacteria from the swab are planted on culture media and isolated from the other germs. These cultures from selected virulent strains are made on broth media. Filtrates of this broth media are used to immunize the horse against the toxin which is set free in these cultures. The resulting immunization develops in the horse serum, a specific antitoxin against the toxin. The sera from immune horses are concentrated and used as commercial antitoxin. The horses to be used for this purpose are selected and treated as follows: The horse is chosen on account of his size and convenience in handling. Carefully selected healthy horses, free from Tuberculosis and Glanders are injected with gradually increasing doses of this toxin. The first dose is generally guarded with a dose of antitoxin at the same time. As soon as the reaction passes, there is always a reaction after a foreign material has been injected into the system, and the temperature becomes normal, a slightly larger dose of toxin is injected. This is continued until by the end of six to eight weeks the horse can stand many times the amount received at the first injection. Weekly tests are made of the serum until it is found that the amount of antitoxin no longer increases. At the end of four to six months the horse is bled from the jugular vein into sterile recepticals, the blood is allowed to clot or coagulate and the serum on top of the clot is the antitoxin. Some horses produce a much more powerful serum than others. So in order to have all the serum at a certain standard the Hygienic Laboratory at Washington has standardized the antitoxin. A standard unit of antitoxin is the smallest amount of antitoxin that will just neutralize 100 times the amount of toxin that will kill a guinea pig weighing 250 grams, in four days. It has been proven that in each cubic centimeter of serum there are 200 units of antitoxin.

The prophylactic immunizing dose of antitoxin given subcutaneously does not usually have any ill effects except a slight soreness at the sight of injection, but the immunity produced only lasts four or five weeks as the antitoxin is eliminated very quickly. Children under five years are given 500 units and older children and adults 10,000 to 15,000 units of antitoxin. Antitoxin produced by the body itself or active



immunity as it is called is much more permanent. In order to produce such an immunity a mixture of toxin and antitoxin known as "T & A" is now given subcutaneously in graded doses. The gradual liberation of the toxin stimulates the body cells to produce their own antitoxin, thus developing a permanent immunity. In some of our large cities, notably New York, there is an endeavor to have all school children so immunized. In order that those children already possessing natural immunity shall not be subjected to unnecessary treatment, Shick has devised a test by which one can determine whether or not it is necessary to give an immunizing dose of antitoxin. This test is made by injecting a small amount of toxin intracutaneously. The absence of a reaction indicates that the person has sufficient antitoxin in his body for his protection without additional immunization. On the other hand presence of a reaction indicates that the person possesses no natural antitoxin and is therefore unprotected from the disease.

Tetanus toxin is similar to Diphtheria toxin. It is very virulent and has a great affinity for the nervous tissue. Tetanus antitoxin is more valuable than Diphtheria antitoxin as a prophylactic measure but as a treatment is less valuable. A new method of administration is now being used which is very successful. A certain amount of spinal fluid is drawn off by means of spinal puncture and from 3,000 to 5,000 units of tetanus antitoxin in three to ten c.c. of normal salt solution is injected into the spinal cavity. While at the same time 10,000 units are given intravenously, or intramuscularly. This antitoxin is produced in the horse and is standardized similar to that of Diphtheria.

Practically all antitoxins or antibacterial sera are produced and administered similar to those above and confer usually only a passive immunity. Artificial active immunity is produced as mentioned before by injecting the antigen or actual bacterium which is the cause of the disease in a harmless form. This is done by two methods, first by means of bacterins, which are commonly miscalled vaccines, and are produced by growth of bacteria on artificial media which are then suspended in salt solution and standardized according to the number of bacteria in each cubic centimeter. This suspension is then sterilized usually by heat at a temperature just sufficient to kill the bacteria without destroying the poison. This is then given in proper doses to stimulate an immunity reaction.

Preparations of this sort are extensively used as prophylaxis for typhoid fever and allied diseases. The second method is by injecting the attenuated or weakened living virus in some form and is used for such diseases as small-pox, rabies, and anthrax.

Methods of attenuation are carried out by passing the germs through an unnatural host, as is the case of small-pox vaccine, or by both an unsuitable host and by drying, as is the case with antirabic virus. Still another method is to grow the organisms under favorable conditions as is done with anthrax virus.

Without going any further into detail it will appear to the reader that our present knowledge of immunology is founded upon a sound and workable basis. For this reason our various public health agencies are gaining ground in this direction in spite of the adverse attacks of many malicious or ignorant individuals who are opposed to these methods.

MARY ALICE DESCHAMPS, '23.





## The Story of Cache Creek

CALIFORNIA, ROMANTIC AND BEAUTIFUL, endowed by the Creator with more than an adequate share of natural beauty and grandeur has many spots of lesser importance. Gorgeous waterfalls, immense valleys, grand cliffs, artistic ravines, in fact every natural phenomena imaginable abound in our state to such an extent that it takes the stranger and tourist to really appreciate the Garden of the Western World.

The scenic beauty of the state is only equaled by the beauty of the traditions, legends and folk lore that surround our natural wonders. As in the latter case there are several spots that have most interesting tales attached to them but because of the preponderance of the more important they are sometimes forgotten.

Having spent the greater part of my outdoor life on the banks of Cache Creek in Yolo County, I have grown to love the incidents that the ripples of the creek have imparted to me. Much of the early history of the creek devolves itself into two great classifications of legend and fact.

The YoDoy Indians, aborigines of these regions, were ruled by a great and good chief of the same name. Being a great hunter, he was a favorite with the Gods. Desiring that his son would find favor with the Dieties he taught him, at an early age the art of the bow and arrow. His son learned so quickly and well that he was given the present Yolo County as his hunting grounds. This was in the spring, and game was abundant, but as the summer approached and the wells and water holes dried up the animals migrated to other regions for food and water. Young YoDoy went complaining to his father, who in turn interceded with the Gods. With a flash of lightning they tore out the bed of a stream that made the land most fertile and an ideal hunting ground.

A short time after the white men settled Yolo County, another legend arose as to the nature of the origin of Cache Creek. William Gordon, in 1842, moved from Los Angeles. He had obtained a grant of land along the creek from the Mexican Government. It was through him that we have the following legend of the name of the creek, which at the time was the Jesus-Maria River.

When Mexico first acquired this portion of land the first settler sent there was a man with his son and daughter. They came in the later part of the spring, when all the land was at its best. As the win-



ter approached, the land was flooded. Before the settlers could seek safety they were trapped and the father died from exposure.

Before his death he bade his children to remain in the land and promised that he would ask Jesus and Mary to keep away future floods. The early summer found the children roaming their beloved land once more. As autumn advanced and occasional hunters reported heavy rains and snows in the mountains, the boy grew uneasy. His sister urged him to remain, for if their father was not able to have the flood stayed, he at least would save them from a watery grave. One night they were startled from their sleep by the rush of waters. Without a moment's hesitation they ran for their ponies and turned them summitward. All through the night they heard the rushing waters, hoping and praying that they would reach safety before that sea closed over them. As dawn broke, the mystery of the rushing water not approaching them was solved. About half a mile away was water, but it was running in a bed. All through the winter it followed that course. Much of the water was saved and proved a God-send for the hot dry summer. In thanksgiving and commemoration they called the stream the Jesus-Maria River.

Naturally, trappers soon found their way to the "River" as they called it, and two of these, Mochella and Tom McKee became famous for their successful trapping. They hid their furs in the banks of the river and from that fact "Cache" (French for hiding place) the present name was derived. They hid furs in so many different places that only half of them were ever found. Boys that live near the creek go on treasure hunts for these furs, but none have had success.

Another settler who chose the Creek bed for his cabin was William Knight who came from Baltimore in 1843. Where the poles of his tule cabin joined, his wife, who was a Catholic, placed a crucifix, and when fire destroyed the rude home in a few minutes, the beams and the cross passed through the fiery ordeal without any evidences of having been touched by the flames. This man Knight afterwards moved to what is now Knight's Landing and established a ferry there.

For a time the entire country was molested by robbers and highwaymen whose haunts were where the Creek flows through Guinda and Rumsey. They traveled in bands and their leader is said to have lived among so many different nationalities that he had a language of his own, a mixture of German, French, English, Spanish, and Indian. He often used words in which the different syllables were from different languages so that no one could understand him. He always hid his men at some point in the Creek where travelers had to cross. When he was



finally shot by an intended victim, his band scattered and it is thought that he was the only one who knew where the bulk of his stolen wealth was hidden, so it must still be somewhere in the sands of Cache Creek. Again the name "Cache" proved applicable. The place where this robber-chief was shot is now crossed by a cement bridge and named Steven's Bridge, for the man who urged that it was absolutely necessary for travelers from Yolo to Woodland. For miles around the bridge, the land is level. On a quiet summer day, the rumble of wheels passing over the bridge can be heard at least three miles away. And straightway the minds of our farmer boys turn to swimming holes, cat-fish and cotton-tails. It is the Call of the Creek for those living in this part of the country, while those who live further up the stream, turn to listen to the boom of the Madison Dam and still further up, to the rushing of mountain waters. You can not escape it, this ribbon of water is strong as iron. It binds you so that go where you will and see the wonders of Nature you'll always be a little homesick for the Creek that comes from the Coast Range and tells its secrets to the Sacramento River, and to those of men who understand and love it.

WILHELMINA SIMON, '23.



## Robert Burns

IF poetry is the "out-pouring of beauty from the heart through the mind," then a national poet is a country's heart-pulse. Nothing expresses the national soul so forcibly and so delicately as a country's art; and among all the arts, poetry is preeminent. Sculpture deals with cold stone or metal; painting mirrors its art upon lifeless canvas, and both appeal only to the eye. Music, divine as it may be, is formed to delight the ear. Literature, dealing with every and any subject in an ordinary way, seldom attains great heights of beauty. But poetry aims directly at the heart, because it springs from the heart, transcending all inanimate mediums and playing upon the emotions of the human soul. It is the manifestation, par excellence, of human life. The history of antiquity depends chiefly upon poetry for a true understanding of ancient days. We can question scientific research, but we must always admit the truth of poetry's narration. For it always was, is, and will be, the music of vibrant heart-strings echoing human emotions through the centuries. Thus if we know a nation's poetry, we know her heart, and when we know Robert Burns we know Scotland. For her, the poet of Caledonia, is the minstrel of Scotland's soul.

Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott were both Scottish poets of immortal fame, but we do not compare them with Burns. They are of a different type. These men wrote *English* poetry, Scotsmen though they were, but Burns with his dialect, his emotions, and his philosophy, was the true Scot, the true minstrel of his country's weal or woe.

We must admit that the claim of Robert Burns to posterity's adulation must rest solely upon his status as a poet, and only upon those poems of his written in the Scottish dialect. As a citizen of his country, as a man, Burns left but little to commend him to the world, and much to condemn him. His private life was far from favorable or blameless in some respects. Yet if we consider the poverty of his birth, and his life-long struggle against it; if we remember the crude life of the peasant class in those days; and if we recall the peculiar revolt ever active in Burns' own soul, we find reasons enough to condone his faults. Burns was a poor ploughman of the 18th century and we cannot expect nobility or refinement beyond his time or state. Over and above this, it is easy to parallel every sin or vice of the man Burns with its equal or worse in celebrities of higher position; indeed we must wonder at times if artistic greatness is ever unaccompanied by weak morality.



Burns differed from the majority of great artists in the 18th Century, as far as his private life was concerned, just as he differed from them in social position. If his faults were crude, his virtues were equally beyond the normal. As Lord Roseberry said of him, "he was great in his genius, and great in his vices." Today the world forgets the faults of Burns the Man, while it carries onward the fame of Burns the Poet.

Robert Burns was born at Doonholm, Ayrshire, Scotland, on January 25, 1759. His life was as lowly as his birth, for he never raised himself above the poverty that was his birthright. He died as he had lived, after a brief span of 37 earthly years. But he was rich in mind if poor in worldly goods, and his passage through life added much to the world's imperishable wealth. He was a man of strong passions that often led him astray. Possibly the deep emotion that sought expression in his poetry also sought relief through less elevated channels. Like all great artists, poets and musicians, Burns was an exceptional man, greatly endowed with talents for good and evil. But he was ever honest, never base; and although he had but little regard for ecclesiastical affairs, he had always a profound reverence for his God. The hand that wrote the praises of worldly joys also penned many beautiful stanzas to the Creator. And these religious poems are true prayers coming from the soul of a God-fearing, God-loving Christian. "Religion", he tells us, "has been not only my chief dependence, but my dearest enjoyment." His vices, gross as they were, at least were few; and his virtues were both numerous and deep. He was a faithful son, an affectionate husband, and a loving father. His heart had no room for bitterness and hatred. Master of satire as he was, he lampooned certain men more from a sense of humor than from personal animosity. His dying meditations prove this clearly, for he worried lest his careless pen might have done any lasting injury to others.

His love for life and the things of life embraced all nature. Only a very sensitive and humane heart could voice such beautiful sentiments as his odes "To a Mouse," "To a Mountain Daisy," and his words "To a Wounded Hare." He apologizes to the mouse for disturbing her lowly nest; he meditates sorrowfully upon destroying the daisy with his plow; he grieves over the hunted hare's sad plight. Again, in "The Twa' Dogs," he humanizes two canines to show his love for dumb creatures, on the one hand, and his contempt for social pride on the other.

Burns was far from being uneducated or ignorant. His father was a thorough and capable teacher, in spite of poverty and hard, unfruitful toil; and Burns received a fair amount of education while his



father played the triple role of parent, ploughman, and pedagogue. A private tutor, a youth named Murdock, also contributed to the poet's progress in learning, and thus he acquired a familiarity with much of the best literature then available. It would be difficult to say what authors or books influenced Burns, but he tells us himself of his acquaintance with a wide range of writers—Shakespeare, Pope and many others. No doubt, like every Scottish youth, he was also a deep student of the Bible.

If Burns was poor, he had all the pride that goes with Scottish poverty. It used to be a saying, "as poor and proud as a Scottish nobleman." Certainly Burns was proud of his poverty.

"A king can make a belted knight,  
a marquis, duke, and a' that" . . . .

but he cannot an "honest man", who, he assures us,

"though e'er sae poor,  
Is king o' men for a' that!"

Of all his works, Burns is chiefly famed for his most pretentious poem, "The Cotter's Saturday Night," in which he gives a vivid portrayal of ordinary Scottish life. But this poem contains little, if any, dialect, and Burns' compatriots would hardly share the opinion of other English-speaking admirers of the poem. Scotsmen would prefer the dialect poems in general, those particularly that voice the Scottish heart—"Tam O'Shanter," "Hielan' Mary," for example; in fact it would be a task to prefer any one dialect poem to another.

In his repertoire Burns runs the gamut of Scottish emotions—love above all, then religion, patriotism, humor, sarcasm, satire. Most touching of all, perhaps, are his many poems that voice the different sorrows of the human soul—poverty, pain, neglect, rejection, sickness, and death. Among all the emotions expressed, however, there is nothing base or evil, no hatred, bitterness, rancor or other and worse sentiments so often found in other poets.

It is not the smallest part of the world's appreciation of Robert Burns that his Scottish dialect proved no barrier to his fame. Indeed it merely served to enhance that appreciation. There is no parallel in our language, no instance where poems in dialect of Scotland or any other English-speaking country, have achieved the fame and immortality of Burns'. We can understand his appreciation in his native land, or among people familiar with his manner of speech; but his world-wide acceptance and honor is certainly unique. In this respect he joins hands with the poet of Italian dialetto, the immortal Dante. We can only explain Burns upon the grounds of his poetry's excellence



and its universal appeal to the common heart of humanity. The sorrow and pain, or the quaint, yet deep philosophy, naturally appeals to every mind in every age and clime.

The various poems that have immortalized Burns are too well known and too easily accessible to need quoting or mention here. But it may be of interest to find among his works many ideas of special interest and import today. His universal love for his fellow man would have made Burns a strong advocate of the League of Nations if he lived today. He prays

"That man to man, the world o'er,  
Shall brothers be."

Prohibition naturally would find him too much of a *bon vivant* for its approval. He sang with much feeling of John Barleycorn's powers, and though John may be dead in America he will be ever alive on the pages of Burns. One verse in particular is a close parallel to the famed "loaf of bread, jug of wine, and thou" of Omar Khayyam.—

"Fortune, if thou'll but gie me still  
Hale breeks, a scone, an' whiskey gill . . .  
. . . . Tak a' the rest."

Omar was thirstier than Burns, who sought only half a pint, and more careless than our canny Scot who prudently added a pair of "hale breeks" to his requests.

His poem "John Barleycorn" tells how that worthy was plowed under and buried by "three kings" but when Spring returned,

"John Barleycorn got up again,  
and sore surprised them all!"

Our latest Constitutional amendment is also mentioned, in true poetic fashion:

"How, 'Liberty!' Girl can it be thee named?  
'Equality,' too, Hussy art not ashamed?  
'Free and equal,' indeed, while mankind thou  
  enchainest,  
And over their hearts a proud Despot so reignest!"

No human pain or ill is more commonplace than that excoriated by Burns in his "Address to the Toothache:

"Where e'er that place be priests ca' Hell,  
When a' the tones o' misery yell,  
And ranked plagues their numbers tell,  
  In dreadfu' rau,  
Thou, Toothache, surely bear the bell  
  Amang them a'!"

Burns' philosophy is typically Scottish and is as applicable today as it was when first penned. It pervades all his poetry, but we can find it summed up in two short lines:

"The heart benevolent and kind  
The most resembles God."

Byron's famous "Farewell to Caledonia" lacks the fervent love that Burns shows for his country, a love worthy of imitation by every patriot in every land:

"O Scotia! my dear, my native soil,  
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent."

Scott's immortal verse on patriotism—"Breathes there a man . . . who never to himself hath said, 'this is my own, my native land,'" is a more refined but far less cordial expression of the same emotion.

Burns has perpetuated Scotland as no other of her children. Religionists, educators, scientists, and others of fame and renown have brought transient honor to their country. Burns gave her immortal, vital, glory. His works live on from generation to generation, only strengthened and refreshed by the passing of time. And the poet himself lives with his country in his deathless works. For they are the soul of Burns, the soul of Scotland too. His body is part of his native soil—as Scott would say "his bones are dust, his soul is with the saints, we trust." It is probably true, that after his brief but difficult life, Burns found death as he had writ of it:—

"O Death, the poor Man's dearest friend . . .  
A blest relief to those that weary mourn."

CATHERINE MCCARDLE, '23.





## The Circulatory System

THE blood is the most important fluid in the body. It not only carries food to every part of the body but it also bears the waste materials, that is, the ashes of metabolism, to those organs which can dispose of them in the form of excretions. It carries to the tissues, material, including water, which they require for their growth and repair. It absorbs oxygen from the air when passing through the lungs, oxygen being necessary for the process of oxidation which must go on in the tissues in order to provide heat and other forms of energy necessary to keep the body mechanism at work.

The quantity of blood in the human body is generally estimated to be about one-twentieth of the total body weight.

One of the striking characteristic features of the blood is its red color, scarlet in the arteries and dark red in the veins. The color in the arteries is due to hemoglobin, the red coloring matter of the red blood cells or erythrocytes as they are technically known. This hemoglobin is a substance made up of an iron salt and a protein. The normal percentage in the body varies from eighty-five to one hundred and ten per cent.

The average number of red cells is about 5,000,000 per cmm for men and 4,500,000 per cmm in women, or approximately 20,000,000,000,000 in the body. The life of these cells is about three days. They originate in the red bone marrow and lose their nuclei before entering the blood stream. They are constantly undergoing disintegration in different parts of the body, probably in the liver, spleen and lymph nodes. The pigment which gives color to the bile is derived from these worn-out cells which the liver has taken from the blood and discards after splitting off the iron to save for further use in the body.

The white cells of the blood are known as leucocytes and lymphocytes. They are nearly spherical masses of protoplasm containing one or more nuclei. They have no definite cell wall. Their number in the healthy adult is about 8,000 per cmm, which is 4 to every 66 red blood cells, or approximately 32,000,000,000 in the body. This number may vary in health, for instance, shortly after a full meal the number may increase one-third then fall again to normal in the course of two or three hours. The increase in the number of white cells is called leucocytosis and a decrease in the normal number is called leucopenia. Leucocytes are larger than the erythrocytes but are present in the blood



in smaller numbers. The red cells have no power of spontaneous movement but are carried along in the blood stream, while the white cells, by virtue of their ameboid movement, can pass through the walls of the capillaries, and are found in the lymph, chyle, and in the connective tissue spaces. Their capacity for devouring bacteria has been definitely proven. This process is named phagocytosis and has earned for them the name of phagocytes.

When the blood has been prepared, by special methods, for microscopic examination there may be found in it numerous bodies of smaller size than either the white or red corpuscles. They are the blood plates; they were formerly thought to be small particles of debris but the belief is now general that they are perfect, though unusually minute cells. They are remarkably perishable and stand in close relationship to a curious property of the blood, its coagulability.

Blood in the vessels is quite free flowing. It is probably less viscid than is commonly supposed, for we are apt to see it when approaching coagulation. The capacity which it exhibits to form into a jelly, when shed, has a manifest value. It lessens and often completely checks hemorrhage by sealing the cut surface. There are individuals, however, whose blood does not coagulate and they are in grave danger of bleeding to death from slight wounds. This condition is known as hemophilia and is inherited in certain lines of descent. The clotting of blood upon injured surfaces has a secondary function since it gives the basis of the crust or scab beneath which the healing goes on.

The liquid part of the blood is called plasma. It constitutes something more than half of the volume of the blood and is a highly complex solution. The most abundant of its compounds are the proteins. The significance of some of these proteins is obscure. Non-protein foods are represented in the plasma but more scantily than would be expected. Sugar is probably not more than one part in one thousand parts of the plasma, while the fat content is higher but still a fraction of one per cent.

The mineral substance of the blood consists chiefly of the chlorides, carbonates, sulphates, and phosphates of sodium potassium, calcium, magnesium, and iron. These are derived from food, and as the result of certain chemical reactions that are continually going on in the body.

The gases contained within the blood are carbon dioxide, oxygen and nitrogen. Arterial blood contains relatively more oxygen and less carbon dioxide than oxygen.

There are in the body a number of substances that were quite unknown until recently and of which knowledge is still limited, beyond the



fact that some of them play an important part in the process of digestion and metabolism, and others, in guarding the body against pathogenic bacteria. The enzymes, the exact composition of which is unknown, are organic substances which hasten or retard the speed of reactions, but they themselves are not used up in these reactions. They are specific in nature, the enzymes that aid in the digestion of food having nothing to do with the others concerned in metabolism.

The protective substances of the blood are known as antibodies. They are specific in action, that is, each variety protects the body against only one special form of bacteria or toxin. Just how these antibodies come into existence is not positively known.

The heart is the pump that propels the blood through the arteries to the lungs and to all the other vascular tissues of the body. The blood courses through the cavities of the heart as follows:—The venous blood from the general system is returned to the heart by the superior and inferior vena cavae, which open into the right auricle, from which it passes to the right ventricle through the auriculo-ventricular opening. The blood is now forced, by the contraction of the ventricles, into the pulmonary artery and its branches to the capillaries in the lungs, there to interchange some of its carbon dioxide for oxygen. The oxygenated blood is brought back to the heart by the pulmonary veins, to the left auricle, thence through its auriculo-ventricular opening to the left ventricle from whence it is distributed by means of the arteries to the capillaries throughout the body. By the same gaseous exchange that occurs in the lungs, the blood gives up its oxygen to the tissues and takes carbon dioxide away from them, changing from a scarlet to a bluish-red tinge. This venous blood is brought back to the right auricle of the heart and the cycle is repeated. It must be remembered that when the vena cavae are filling the right auricle the pulmonary veins are at the same instant pouring their contents into the left auricle.

Each auriculo-ventricular opening of the heart is guarded by a valve, as are also the openings into the pulmonary artery and the aorta. The valve between the right auricle and ventricle is called the tricuspid; that between the left auricle and ventricle, the mitral; the one guarding the pulmonary opening and the one protecting the opening to the aorta bear the same name, and are also known as semilunar valves. The function of these valves is to prevent the backward flow of the blood after it has passed from the auricles to the ventricles, and from the ventricles into the arteries.

An artery is a closed tube which conveys the blood from the heart to all parts of the body. It terminates as arterioles and capillaries.

The capillaries are exceedingly minute vessels which connect the arteries to the veins. It is in the capillaries that the chief work of the blood is done. The veins carry the blood back to the heart.

There is a third circulatory system, in addition to the pulmonary and general systems, the portal system. The portal vein arises from the union of the splenic and superior mesenteric vein behind the head of the pancreas and the gastric and inferior mesenteric veins empty into it. The portal vein, which is about three inches long, enters the liver, where it divides into many fine veins and these finally form capillaries. These capillaries unite with the capillaries of the hepatic artery (which supplies the liver with blood for its nourishment), and form the hepatic vein, which carries the blood from the liver to the inferior vena cava. The portal vein and its tributaries convey blood to the liver from the spleen, pancreas, stomach, large and small intestines, the blood from the small intestines being loaded with all the products of digestion except the fats.

MARIE MCMAHON, '23.





## Grandmother's Valentine

SUPPER over, the Clarke family gathered about the glowing fire. Books, papers, sewing and knitting soon busied everyone's mind and hands, so that the quiet that comes only to real homes reigned in the cozy sitting-room.

Grandfather, growing fidgety, rustling his paper, and clearing his throat, presently threatened to break the silence. A few furtive glances at Grandmother and he began. "I've been a'reading here of a great doctor in the city who has been making the blind to see. There's all manner of cures listed." Another stealthy glance at Grandmother and the folks. For it was now two years since Grandmother had gradually lost her sight and even though she was now totally blind, Grandfather still held hopes for the sweet little woman whose eyes had never lost their love-light for him. When she heard him start the old story again, she reached for his hand; "Now, Dave, you know there are no cases like mine. Let us forget, for we are all happy this way."

Dave knew better though, and before the evening was over he had made all the important members of the family read about the great eye specialist. And the next day he talked of nothing else. Never before had he been as persistent, but before noon he was repaid. First his daughter Jane, and his son-in-law began to look at the matter seriously. True, they had spared neither time nor money on doctors and treatments, long before, but because Grandfather seemed so determined to have another trial, they could not let the matter rest.

Of course, there was much pleading and even commanding of Grandmother. "The other doctors could not help me, and as long as I am well and have you, Dave, why should I bother. No, dearie, I won't go." But a look that passed over her wrinkled face every now and then cried out for a sight of all that was so dear to her. And it was this look that cut deep into Grandfather's heart and, in fact, that hurt everyone who really knew and loved Grandmother.

Persistency can move mountains, and in this case it moved Grandmother's will. She consented to go to the city to see the great doctor.

Could this group on the train be the same group of people that a few nights ago, sat so quietly around the fire? Quiet indeed, but they were thrilled with excitement. What hopes, what doubts lived and died with each turn of the wheels.

The "hospital smell" almost made Grandmother change her mind.



Grandfather was firm as a stone wall. Before an hour had passed the pleasant young resident physician had heard her story and promised an early visit from the specialist. He came at last and again there was the story of those two years that, day by day, took the light from the dear eyes.

"I may do a great deal for you, and I may do nothing at all. An operation is your only hope. Two or three days of discomfort is the only price that you will have to pay for the deed that may mean so much to you and this gallant partner of your's."

Grandmother's deliberation was only for effect. The family knew that once she had consented to go to the hospital, she intended to see her venture to a finish. That was a life-long characteristic.

Jane spent the long night with her. Early morning found the other Clarkes bidding Grandmother godspeed to the surgery.

While a master mind and hand sought to bring Light where Darkness reigned, an old man's heart was torn by doubt and anxiety. Eternity seemed to have begun for Grandfather, and when the guernsey was wheeled in with the still form of Grandmother, he started as from a daze.

The doctors and the nurses insisted upon absolute quiet for two days. So with a loving good-bye Grandmother and the nurse were left alone.

Two long days! Grandfather remembered another February, fifty years ago that brought two long days. Days that would determine a "yes" or "no" from the same loved person who lay so still in the dark room at the hospital.

Two days, no matter how long, must pass. So thought Grandfather thankfully as he walked into the hospital on the morning of the third. The nurse was carrying a dressing tray into Grandmother's room as he tip-toed in. After her came the doctor. "Is our brave little woman ready to hear for better or for worse?" "Anything, Doctor, only I wish my Dave were here." The great man gave Grandfather one of his "Let me attend to this" winks, and saying "He'll probably be here in time" gently unwound the bandages. Two closed eyes. Slowly, oh, how slowly, they opened. For a moment bewilderment flitted over the sweet face, and then happy smiles and tears were buried in the big bunch of violets Grandfather placed into the shaking hands. "Dave, you look just as handsome and are just as wonderful as that other day you brought me violets for a Valentine."



## The Premature Babe

MANY people are of the opinion that the majority of premature babes do not and can not live, but their chance of living is as good as that of a normal child if they receive the proper care and attention, especially immediately after birth.

A babe is considered premature by some authorities if at birth it weighs less than four pounds and is less than nineteen inches in length. The death of three-eighths of all children that die during the first month of life is attributable to prematurity, but many of these deaths are due to improper care.

The chief dangers to which premature infants are exposed are chilling, starvation and infection from surroundings and attendants. Unless great care is taken immediately after birth to keep the babe warm, its temperature will fall several degrees. This is seriously injurious to the child and sometimes proves fatal. When chilling has occurred, a hot bath of 102-105 degrees Fahrenheit should be given immediately.

Preparations should be made for the child to be placed in an incubator at once. An incubator is a box or small chamber in which the child lies, surrounded by a continually changing current of fresh, warm, moist air. In the bottom of this box is a tank containing hot water. The tank is fitted with tubes for the admission of air, and a thermometer beside the babe indicates the temperature of the interior. This temperature depends upon the needs of the child. A very frail and small child requires a higher temperature than a more vigorous one but as it gains in strength, this may be lowered. A babe under four pounds is usually kept in an incubator for two or three months whereas a larger and stronger child may be kept no longer than five or six days.

It is frequently necessary and desirable to remove the child from the incubator to feed and bathe it. When this is done the room should be kept very warm, 75-80 degrees Fahrenheit, and the child wrapped in blankets.

For the first few days it is preferable to oil the child until it is strong enough for a regular bath.

In the event that the child is to remain at home, a fairly satisfactory incubator can be made by placing an infant's bathtub or other metal vessel in a larger vessel containing hot water, the smaller vessel being propped up from the bottom. The water must be kept at a constant heat of 105-110 degrees Fahrenheit. The infant is then wrapped in



cotton with the exception of the face. The bottom of the incubator is thickly padded with cotton, and the child thus protected is surrounded with hot water bottles.

Another arrangement which may be quickly obtained in the home is a telescope basket, one-half being placed within the other, lined with a blanket, and surrounded on all sides with hot water bottles.

These serve very well in an emergency, provided the room is very warm and the temperature kept stable and that the child is protected against drafts.

The second danger to which the premature infant is subjected is starvation. It needs a relatively large amount of food. If it gets too little it starves; if too much or improper food, digestive disturbances arise. Mother's milk is almost absolutely essential in these cases, and that is one reason why premature infants stand a better chance of surviving in a hospital than in a home, because if sufficient milk cannot be obtained from the mother, it is always available in a hospital. If artificial food must be resorted to the best results are obtained from albumin-milk.

Feeding should begin at birth, and the amount gradually increased until the normal amount for the child is reached. As a rule, a premature child requires per day about one-sixth of its weight of good milk to supply its needs and induce the proper gain in weight. The number of feedings per day depend upon the quantity given at a time. Usually twelve feedings of amounts varying from 1-2 ounces.

The child is fed with a medicine dropper or feeder until it is strong enough to nurse for itself. Sometimes gavage must be resorted to.

The babe should receive close attention after each feeding on account of the danger of regurgitation, which might cause choking.

The resisting powers of all premature infants are very low, and premature infants are more susceptible to infections than ordinary babies. All such infants should be handled as little as possible. Infection is guarded against by having everything that comes in contact with the babe clean; by allowing no one with a cold to come near it, and by having the nurse in attendance wear a clean gown and a mask.

Intelligent care, as has been described, and patience will do a great deal to give the premature babe a fair start on his life's journey.



## Lough Neagh

“On Lough Neagh’s banks as the fisherman strays  
When the clear, cold eve’s declining,  
He sees the round towers of other days  
In the waves beneath him shining.”

MANY of us are familiar with the beautiful lines of Moore’s given above, and it is interesting to note that the idea of a buried city beneath the silver waves of Lough Neagh was not merely a creation of the poet, but a belief prevalent among the peasantry for ages.

Lying in the centre of Ulster, bounded by five counties, and thirty feet above the sea level, renowned by its petrifications and pebbles, it is not surprising that it should enter into the domain of romance in the minds of a race specially appealed to by legends and traditions. Early writers say that the lake broke out in the reign of Lugaidh Rhiabderg in the fifty-sixth year of the Christian era. At an earlier date Lough Ennel in Westmeath and Lough Berryvaragh are given the same origin. The eruption is mentioned in an old poem in the Book of Leinster which gives Linwinny, the old name of the territory, as the name of the lake.

“Eochy Maireda, the rebellious son of a wonderful adventure, who was overwhelmed in Liunmhuine with the clear Lake over him.” Giraldus Cambrensis, who got the tale from the native people, says Lough Neagh was formed by the overflowing of a fairy fountain, which had been accidentally left uncovered, and mentions that the people of his day sometimes view the lofty ecclesiastic turrets or round towers beneath the lake’s waters. To the land now covered by the water the name was given, signifying “A Green Shrubbery” and it was in the ownership of a Munster Chieftain, Tochy MacMaireda, who had put out the former inhabitants. At the time of the breaking of the waters he and all his family were drowned, as is recorded in verse in the Book of Leinster. His name, corrupted, gives a title still to the great Ulster sheet of water; Loch-n Echach (Lough Nehagh) or Eochy’s Lake and so on in the old writings.

Lord Bristol, a former Bishop of Derry, says: “In a monastery on the Continent a manuscript existed which mentions that in the sixth century a violent earthquake had thrown up the rock of Toome, which by obstructing the discharge of the rivers had formed this body of water; and that Lough Erne in Fermanagh was produced at the same time.”

Another legend says that a holy well was here, and that the injunction given by its Patron to each person to carefully shut the wicket gate was neglected by a woman; the indignant waters sprung up from their bed, the terrified culprit fled, and the waters, following close to her heels, closed forever around her and formed the present lake which was the exact length of the distance she ran.

Though distorted by the traditions of centuries, the story of a lake eruption engulfing a large tract of land in Ulster is not an improbable one; the same has taken place almost all over the globe, and the entire subject forms an interesting feature in the long roll of Irish legends.

RITA MOGAN, '24.







ANNA A. HUGHES, R. N.

## Friend and Teacher

In our early timid days  
As we learned to walk new ways;  
Near us stood a friend indeed,  
Teacher wise in time of need.

Who, with heart and soul aflame,  
Showed the joy of soothing pain;  
And with skilled and kindly art,  
Taught us well to do our part.

Blessings rich we fondly pray,  
Strew her path in life alway;  
Friend and Teacher, priceless, rare,  
We her banner bright will bear.





**JUNIOR**



## Junior Notes

SOMEWHAT timid, yet determined to reach the wonderful goal upon which our yearning eyes had been steadily set during our High School years, twenty-two young aspirants entered the stately halls of St. Mary's Hospital on September 1, 1922.

Having received a warm welcome from our Superintendent, we were directed to the Nurses' Home with instructions to come to dinner at five, in Uniform. Donning a Uniform sounds quite simple until you are face to face with the following problems: "does the collar fasten inside or outside? Does this one button fasten four pieces? Does the band fold to the right or left? How are the cuffs held in place?" These and many other complexities were simplified by the kindly assistance of our new school friends, and the class attired in unaccustomed garb was taken to the dining room.

Shall we ever wear our Uniform with that professional ease and grace so striking in the Student Body? We had almost decided that we knew exactly how a fish felt out of water when we were interrupted with an invitation to take a trip through the Hospital. To be lost in the great white building seemed quite possible and a few wise ones selected landmarks, thereby escaping much trouble later on.

How insignificant and useless we appeared and felt the next morning when we were introduced to the duties of a preparatory nurse. Such a professional air worn by every one! Even the patients looked professional and then the Hospital Vocabulary! Would we ever be able to use those many-syllable words. We were glad when we were collected again and taken to the class room to commence our new studies. Here at least, we might feel at home.

The month closed with a brilliant party in honor of all the September birthday celebrants.

Frolic and fun marked Hallowe'en and proved the existence of a genuine School Spirit.

Probation in a School of Nursing means exactly what Webster says it does, therefore the glad relief when we were informed that we were to be accepted as students. On the first Friday of December the great joy came, we received the Cap, the distinguishing mark of the Nursing Profession.

Christmas away from home was prepared for with firm hearts, to many it was the first experience. Even a little homesickness would have



been dispelled when dear old Santa in historic garb, greeted us beside a twinkling Christmas Tree.

An invitation to be the Seniors' Valentines on February 13th was artistically posted several days previous. School day dresses were to be worn. Eagerly the invitation was accepted and prepared for. We had some idea of what the Seniors were capable of doing, but our expectations were far surpassed. A brilliant hall, games and dancing delighted the "would-be children," and then to the softly shaded, richly laden tables in the dining room, where every taste was pleased. Happy memories of our worthy Seniors, whose shining example we ardently hope to follow.

MARGARET BUSSING, '25.







Eva Toole  
Rita Mogan  
Emma Brower

Marien Schilling  
Inez Brower  
Margaret Bussing  
Mary Schott

Hannah O'Connor  
Nan Murphy  
Helen Donovan





Mary Haggerty  
Doris Goryl  
Helen Wilson  
Mary Alice Creedon

Margaret Healy  
Ruth Miller  
Katherine Campbell

Mary Wilson  
Jessie Thompson  
Adelade Valencia  
Louise Vierra





Winifred Abbey  
Helen Mantel  
Marie Smith  
Kate Sekinger

Mary Adair  
Vivian Miller  
Catherine Walker

Anna Ebinger  
Francis McLaughlin  
Laura Sekinger  
Evelyn Scarlett



## Pelé

IN the beautiful valley of Manoa dwelt a king named Kuulei, greatly loved by his subjects, and admired by neighboring kings. He had a daughter fair as the moon, or Hawaiian Waters, and as good and noble as she was beautiful. The name Leimome (a wreath of roses) was given her by her grandmother, Kamapulani, as an expression of her great love for the girl. This maiden of noble character like her father was greatly loved by her youthful companions and each day when not occupied in the duties of her father's household or in the temple would be seen among the poor children by the valley stream.

About sixty miles from Manoa there lived another king, Kamehameha the Third. Being cruel and heartless, he was as much feared by his subjects as King Kuulei was loved by his.

In the early Hawaiian days, taro raising being the chief industry, each section of the country was divided among the different kings and carefully cultivated by their subjects for the furtherance of this production. It was the object of each king to outdo his fellow-king in the producing of taro. King Kamehameha learning of King Kuulei's wonderful success decided to pay him a visit to estimate the value of his taro patch.

Having traveled from sunrise King Kamehameha reached King Kuulei's house at noon. According to the Hawaiian custom, an elaborate dinner consisting of roast sweet potatoes, poi and roast pork was served by King Kuulei in honor of his guest, closing with the refreshing beverage of cocoanut water. The festivities over, the kings held a lengthy conversation chiefly about King Kuulei's taro. When King Kamehameha saw the patch of taro which was just as fine as any modern farmer could raise, he was enraged with jealousy.

He remained in King Kuulei's home for some time and apparently became infatuated with Leimome, but his attentions were intolerable to her. One day when Leimome was away, King Kamehameha sought her father and asked for the hand of his daughter, which was given. Upon her return she heard of the agreement, which of course displeased her greatly. Leimome quickly escaped to the dwelling of her grandmother, who was thought by the natives to be a witch, because of her intercourse with the spirits. In tears, Leimome poured out her story to the grandmother who was always ready to help her beloved grandchild.

Kamapulani raised her shaggy brow, drew her crooked cane, tapped

it three times and there appeared two black pigs. Then she scattered some ashes, mumbled a few words and they immediately disappeared. She told Leimome to go home and not to worry.

When the girl reached home she found her father in deep conversation with King Kamehameha. Without disturbing them she went to the Lanai (front porch) and taking a large bunch of leaves started weaving a hat.

The intention of Kamapulani was to construct a boat that would travel on land and sea in order to reach a cove on the Island of Hilo, that no one else could reach.

The next morning when Kamapulani came to Leimome's home to take her to this cave, great preparations were being made for the wedding. Entering the house she hummed a soft low chant. Immediately Leimome responded and as quick as lightning she was carried off before the eyes of King Kamehameha.

He sent his servants out after her, warning them not to return without her if they prized their heads. They followed her to the cave. When they reached the pit, seeing that they could go no further they decided to fill the pit with water.

When the pit was half filled a roaring sound was heard and a big ball of fire was seen rising from it. In the midst of this ball of fire there appeared a tall slender maiden dressed in a gown of red. The servants fell on their knees and cried "Oh, Pele," (the goddess of fire). Ever after existed the Volcano of Hawaii.

WINIFRED ABBEY, '25.





## Tw'as Ever Thus

ANN dropped on the park bench, weary in mind and body. For days she had searched for employment, but could find nothing. With a premonition of disappointment, she again began a search in the morning paper Want Ads. Plenty of work in all lines except her own. She scanned each column carefully; the end of the last and no success—"Wanted, a social secretary. Must be capable, refined and possess personality." Ann read the insertion again. Yes, what she had not dared to hope for, had happened. A glance at the address told her that the place was not far from the park entrance and immediately she turned hopeful steps that way.

An imposing house, set back in a verdant park, took away some of the assurance she had mustered on her way. A trim maid answered the summons of the big knocker. On being shown into the reception room, Ann was impressed with the taste, refinement, and culture with which it had been arranged. How she would love to live in such an environment. The maid reappeared with instructions that Mrs. Madison was in her office and would see the young lady at once.

The office was situated in the rear of the house, on the second floor. Ann noted the same good taste throughout the place. Here in this up-to-date office was surely a business woman as well as a society lady. She proved to be a motherly looking matron of about fifty, hair just turning gray and the sweetest smile Ann had ever seen. Her various charitable enterprises was her immediate topic of conversation. She wanted to open a kindergarten three mornings a week to enable the tired mothers of the north end tenement district to do their shopping and snatch a few hours of necessary rest. This, besides other charitable projects, interested her.

Her enthusiasm was immediately caught by Ann, and before long Mrs. Madison had decided that here was exactly the girl whom she was looking for. And so it was arranged that Ann was to commence duties at once and was to make her home with Mrs. Madison. She was to have entire charge of the office, the correspondence, and files. The kindergarten was her's, too, and if she then had any spare time and felt so disposed, she was to help Mrs. Madison with her visits to the poor.

Ann and her new position thrived. Mrs. Madison had reason to be proud and fond of her secretary; her files were always in perfect order, in her correspondence she was a diplomat; the kindergarten was a wonderful success. As time went on, Mrs. Madison and Ann became very



close friends, being more like mother and daughter than employer and employee. Mrs. Madison had insisted that her secretary accompany her to social activities and Anne was a favorite. She was so happy in her new life that she seemed to radiate good cheer. As might be expected, more than one young man had aspiring hopes about Ann's "Yes." But she was too contented and interested in her present life to be disturbed by any of them.

On the bright spring morning that marked the eighteenth month of Ann's service, she was startled from a social letter, by the whirlwind appearance of Mrs. Madison, waving a cablegram. John was due home next week. This surely was an event that warranted a lull in charitable and social affairs. John was Mrs. Madison's only son, and had been in London in the Diplomatic Service for two years. He was twenty-five years old, a Harvard man, in fact, everything that a wonderful young man could be.

In a very short time, Ann was quite as excited as Mrs. Madison, and the week dragged on for both women. On the great day they were on the wharf fully an hour before the ship docked. To an observer, Ann seemed the more excited. Could she pick him from the crowd? What characteristics had he inherited from his mother? Question after question filled Ann's thoughts and she was glad when at last the passengers started down the gang plang. Eagerly she scanned faces. Finally, there he was, the exact image of his mother. He walked directly over to them. Lifting a behorned monocle to his right eye, he prated, "Glad ta see you, Mothaw, bally good of you to run down to meet me." We need not say that Ann was disappointed, she felt as if someone had thrown her into an ice-tank. And for all the attention that John paid to her, she might as well have been in an ice-tank. His main topic on the way home was his English poodle, and his valet, who were compelled to take the next boat, "you understand." Ann did not understand why this grown man should have a poodle and a valet, but for the sake of Mrs. Madison she would do her best. Moreover, she would not count the little trifles that had been acquired in another environment, against a man, perfectly sensible as she felt he surely ought to be. Perhaps she would come to like him and he to like her in a short time. With these thoughts Ann walked into the breakfast room, the next morning. And there on the table sat John holding a small white poodle to his cheek while a red-uniformed valet tied his shoestrings.

With a shrug of disgust Ann walked toward the stairs. "'Twas ever thus" she sighed.

MARY ALICE CREEDON, '25.



## Physiological Salt Solution

**P**HYSIOLOGICAL Salt Solution, so frequently of vital importance in the treatment of the acutely ill, is sometimes spoken of as Normal Salt Solution, an unfortunate term, as it is likely to be confused with the Normal Salt Solution of Sodium Chloride used by chemists, and which is seven times stronger.

Because of its non-toxicity, Sodium Chloride is the salt usually employed for the purpose of preparing this isotonic solution. When water is put in contact with the blood, it causes adulteration in the red blood corpuscles, allowing the escape of hemoglobin from them into the plasma; this is known as "laking" of the blood. The addition of inorganic salts to the water in quantities sufficient to make a solution of the same osmotic tention as the blood serum, prevents this action on the corpuscles. For the preparing of a solution isotonic with the human blood, approximately nine-tenths of one percent of Sodium Chloride is necessary.

In 1882 Ringer showed that after all of the blood had been washed out of the heart with an isotonic sodium solution, the addition of small amounts of Sodium and Potassium would cause that organ again to contract, and that it would continue beating for some time after supplied with these salts. It has also been shown that a properly balanced solution containing the Chlorides of Calcium, Sodium, and Potassium, would more nearly represent a perfect "Physiological Salt Solution."

Although theoretically superior the above solution is preferable to the simple Sodium Chloride, because more nearly approximating the composition of the body fluids, yet practically, the reserve supply of Calcium and Potassium in the human body is so large that it is extremely doubtful whether they are ordinarily superior for medical purposes.

Physiological Salt Solution is used for the purpose of introducing large quantities of water into the system more rapidly than could be done through the alimentary tract. In cases of low blood pressure, due either to severe hemorrhage, in which the volume of blood is so greatly reduced as to be unable to properly fill the blood vessels, or due to vasomotor paresis, such as surgical shock, when the vessels are so dilated that the normal quantity of blood is unable to fill them, the introduction of large amounts of Physiological Salt Solution into the vascular system, restores a normal resistance, thereby tending to bring the blood pressure back to normal.

In a similar way, when large quantities of fluids have been lost from

the body, as in a violent purgation of Asiatic cholera or arsenic poisoning, the administration of a salt solution, by increasing the volume of fluid, is very beneficial. As is well known, the volume of the fluids excreted, depends in a large measure upon the volume of the blood, and the introduction of large quantities of fluid, as by the injection of Physiological Salt Solution, increases these secretions. It has been proven that the increased output of fluid under these circumstances, will carry with it certain toxic substances, and this method of treatment is widely used in certain cases of systematic poisoning. It is more likely, however, that the benefit from the injection of fluids in cases of extraneous poisoning, such as Corrosive Sublimate or Lead poisoning, is due to the dilution of the blood, more than to the actual increase in elimination.

Physiological Salt Solution may be administered either intravenously, subcutaneously (hypodermoclysis), or through the colon (proctoclysis). Absorption through the last channel is relatively slow, and proctoclysis is employed chiefly in those conditions where it is desirable to avoid the administration of water by the mouth. The subcutaneous method is, of course, a more direct means of introducing fluid into the tissues, and is used when more acute symptoms are present.

After an intravenous infusion or a hypodermoclysis of Physiological Normal Solution, it will be noticed that the heart usually beats stronger and faster, the pulse is increased and becomes more bounding in character. The patient breathes with less difficulty, and in fact seems generally improved, for he once again has the required amount of fluid to sustain the heart and carry on the circulatory process.

RUTH MILLER, '23.





## Christmas In Hungary

HOW often have you picked up a book and read of a legend or custom in another land that has not been real to you because its actors were strangers. Being from Hungary, myself, its legends and customs are, of course, real and dear to me. Of them all, I love the Christmas time best.

In the southern part of Hungary, which is settled mostly by Germans, the customs of Christmas have not changed much during the last few centuries. Instead of regarding Christmas as a time to worry about what to give and what to expect in return, about debts, broken toys that cost many days of hard labor, and useless gifts, the people here give presents only to their children and very dear relatives. However, elaborate preparations are made to entertain, as this is the time of family reunions.

A few weeks before the event, there is a marked change in the behavior of the children. They offer to get wood, go to bed without half-dozen reminders, and even say their prayers unasked. Evening after evening, stubby noses are flattened against the window panes and expectant gazes directed to the flaming sky where the Christ Child dwells. The red sky means that the angels are baking all those delicious honey cakes so prevalent in Hungary at this time of the year. The deeper the red, the more they may expect. And the sky is very red at this time of the year.

After a few weeks of this watchful waiting, this complete bottling up of childish impulse, the evening is here. All day the mothers have been engaged in mysterious trips to the attic and the best room which is under lock and key. Of course, no one is supposed to go near the door, but that doesn't prevent one from having an ungovernable curiosity, and therefore peek through the key-hole one tiny moment to find out what all those whispered consultations are about.

A last look at the flaming sky, one more glimpse to make sure that the angels are putting the finishing touches to an extra large supply and then a rush for the best room. The whole family assembles. Everyone has an awe-stricken face, some because they are thinking of all the broken windows throughout the year, all the fist-fights, all the fibs to mother, and some for the effect.

A bell tinkles in the distance. Something tall, all in white, with a long flaxen wig appears in the doorway. It carries a Christmas tree in

one hand and a basket of presents in the other. The tree is placed on a table, the gifts are distributed. With the exception of a few toys, which are never as expensive and as elaborate as those the American child receives, the presents are large dolls and horses made of honey cake and highly ornamented. Sometimes these are larger than the child.

The white figure is the Christ Child. Usually it is impersonated by an aunt who can be severe and impressive. She asks the parents how many times the children have misbehaved during the year, and admonition is given accordingly. The parents are presented with a bunch of switches with instructions to use them whenever necessary. Sometimes the sophisticated boy or girl recognizes the voice and proceeds to inform the others of the discovery. If this occurs within the hearing of the white figure, a chastisement follows.

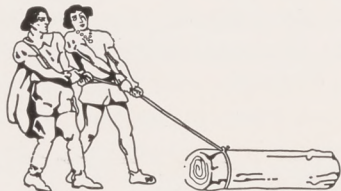
On Christmas day the relatives and godfathers and godmothers from all the neighboring towns visit and bring presents. Again the dolls and horses and candies! The celebration of family reunions continues for two weeks. No one works, no one thinks of doing anything except entertain and visit.

On the sixth of January all the homes are blessed. A procession continues from early morning till late at night. As soon as the blessing is finished the trimmings are taken off the tree. They are mostly stick-candies, ornamented cookies, oranges, silver and gold nuts and tinsel. The ornaments used in this country are unknown.

Christmas over, the switches hidden or broken, all the cakes and candies eaten, the children once more assume their natural dispositions. Forgotten are the promises to be good, forgotten not to let mother strain her throat calling for her son to run to the store, forgotten that mother would like to have her daughter learn how to cook instead of making doll's dresses.

Perhaps once in a while they will stop to gaze at a red sunset with regret that the Christ Child bakes only once a year.

ANNA EBINGER, '25.





## The Pursuer Pursued

DICK sat by the window, trying to keep his young mind upon an uninteresting book. Occasionally he would raise his eyes and gaze regretfully at the unwelcome storm outside which kept him an unwilling prisoner indoors. "What disgusting weather," he grumbled, "no excitement, no life—why it makes the town look like a cemetery!" Dick was just adolescent enough to be half boy and half man, with the body of an adult and the vivid picture-mind of a youth. He longed to be a hero, saving lives, conquering enemies, all in fact, that any youth with a very vivid imagination could dream of. Yet it must be confessed that, with all his day-dreaming courage, Dick never came home at night without a fast-beating heart and many a fearsome glance over his shoulder lest he be the next victim of that robber gang now terrorizing the city. He had long planned how he would ward off any possible attack. This rainy afternoon he let his mind ramble freely over his favorite theme. The sharp calling of his name aroused him. "Dick," called his mother, "please run over to Grandma's for Helen's suitcase." "What," he protested, "in this rain?" "Of course, Helen is afraid, anyway, and it won't take you long. She must have the suitcase right away." Dick rose up and grumbled. What was the use of objecting? He would have to go anyway. And Helen was afraid, his mother was afraid, and they knew he would not mind. The compliment made him square his shoulders, and he strode boldly out of the house. *He* wasn't afraid of storms or of darkness. Of course not! He pursed his lips to whistle bravely, but his eyes fell on something that changed the whistle to a gasp of surprise.

Before a large house stood an auto into which two men were carrying things from the home. There was scarcely light enough for them to be seen, but Dick could discern their peculiar actions. They would enter the house, remain inside a short time, then emerge with a bundle or package. Each trip to and from the auto was made with the utmost quiet. The men spoke only in whispers, and closed the house door with deliberate caution. Dick's immediate impulse was to run away, and in doing so he turned the first safe corner where he sought refuge at the house of a classmate. Blustering out his story to his friend, Dick soon recovered his courage and became tempted by curiosity. "Let's find out what those men are up to," he suggested. The other lad agreed, and together they stole quietly back to the mysterious robbers. At the boy's suggestion the second youth's sister telephoned for the police.



The two young detectives watched the strange auto for a little while, and finally they decided to sneak over to the machine, investigate the "loot" and thus have a real story to tell the police. They had little trouble approaching the car, but it was difficult to pull aside the storm curtains in order to see what was inside. Suddenly the robbers rushed out of the house. "Grab them!" yelled one man to the other, as they ran toward the boys. Dick and his friend jumped from the car and ran off at top speed, closely pursued by the men. Dick forgot all about his previous plans and determinations; he had but one thought—to reach home and mother. So in a few minutes he and his friend astonished the household by bounding up the front steps, bursting through the door and feverishly barring it behind them. Breathless and excited, they could only ejaculate, "Robbers chasing us—nearly got us!"

Suddenly was heard a loud knocking at the door. Helen and her mother screamed while the boys were too frightened to move. But Helen, most timorous on other occasions yet boldest now, tip-toed to the door. Loud voices were heard, the knocking grew more violent, so Helen bravely switched on the porch light. "It's the police, Mother," she cried, and she quickly opened the door. Two policemen followed by two other men, strode up to the frightened group. The policemen laid their hands on the boys' shoulders and one said, "I'm sorry, lady, but we have to arrest these boys for attempted robbery." "This is a mistake," screamed Dick. "We saw the robbers and we had someone phone for the police; then the robbers saw us and chased us all the way home!" The policemen grinned. "It's a nice story, boy, but it isn't nice enough. Come along!" At that moment Dick saw the two men who had entered with the police but who had remained near the door. Pointing excitedly, he exclaimed, "Look, there's the two robbers! Grab them!" The officer shook his head impatiently. Dick's friend now explained the story, which was partly verified by a telephone call to his home. The police asked the mysterious men for their story. They explained that they were moving some things to another flat in the same block, and that the house, the auto and the furniture, were the property of one of them—the speaker. He stated that he did not care to hire a regular moving van for such a small job and for such a short distance, so they were doing the work themselves, after their day's labor. One of his children was ill, he added, so they tried to work as quietly as possible. When they saw the two boys at the machine, they concluded they were some of the thieving gang that caused so much trouble lately. While pursuing the fugitive boys they had met the police and led them to the house.

The whole matter was quickly cleared up to the general amusement



of all, and both the police and the four "robbers" enjoyed the steaming coffee which Dick's mother quickly and thoughtfully prepared. Dick was terribly embarrassed, of course, but that was no reason why Helen should "rub it in" by asking him in a sweet tone of voice, "Dick, dear, you haven't told us a word about my suitcase."

EVELYN SCARLETT, '25.

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## Our New Orthopedic Clinic

"SUFFER the little children to come unto me." This divine message has gone out to the little children in need of service in the establishment of the Orthopedic Clinic of St. Mary's Hospital.

Under the leadership of our distinguished orthopedist, Dr. Thomas Nolan, the clinic enters upon an assured career of successful service.

Miss Nan Burke, our experienced Social Worker, is the nurse in charge. Three graduate nurses—Mrs. Kielty, Mrs. Dodge, Mrs. Gumar, have volunteered their time and service to the children on clinic days.

The clinic opened with only eight children in attendance; today, with an ever increasing number, we have outgrown our present quarters.

Besides the gracious blessings of health and healing which we are happy to be able to give to the children, there is the added benefit to the student nurse. She will take active part in the work on clinic days, and by keen interest and close observation will acquire a good beginning in Social Service.





Miss Winifred Fay  
President

Miss Anna Segord  
Secretary

## St. Mary's Graduate Nurses' Alumni Association

ON November 21, 1902, two years before the golden jubilee of the hospital, the first graduating exercises of St. Mary's Hospital Training School took place. By January, 1906, our graduates numbered twenty-seven. Realizing the mutual benefits to be derived from organization, they decided to form an alumni association. On February 9, they met for this purpose.

Miss Mary L. Sweeney, who is ever ready to respond to calls from nurses was invited to organize the alumni. Sister Mary Malachi was elected temporary chairman and Miss Helen Stack secretary. A Constitution and By-Laws were adopted. Sister Mary Malachi was elected president and Miss A. A. Hughes secretary. A vote of thanks was tendered Miss Mary L. Sweeney for her services and kind interest.



At the March meeting, Sister Mary Malachi resigned and Miss Mary Deasy (now Mrs. J. D. Sullivan) a member of the first graduation class was elected president. Mrs. Sullivan was untiring in her efforts for the success of the Alumni, and under her able guidance the organization had a steady growth.

The Sisters of Mercy among the graduates are honorary members of the association, and take a most kindly interest in everything pertaining to the welfare of the graduate nurses. A Directory of the Alumni is maintained at the hospital. The regular monthly meetings are held in the Lecture Hall on the first Wednesday of each month, at seven-forty-five in the evening.

This organization has taken part in the activities of the nursing profession. When the American Nurses' Association convened in San Francisco in 1908, the Alumni contributed toward the entertainment fund. The society also took a leading part in the bazaar given at Scottish Rite Hall, November, 1918, by the San Francisco County Nurses' Association, for the benefit of the Rest Cottage at Los Gatos. The Alumni furnished a room in the new St. Mary's Hospital as an act of appreciation for the kindness of the Sisters.

A glance at our register will disclose that the Alumni are to be found in active and earnest work in every branch of the profession.

Miss Abbie Ahern is in San Diego doing private duty. For a while she held a position in St. Joseph's Hospital of that city.

Mrs. Amelia Abele Williams lives quite near to the hospital.

We have not heard from Mr. Francis Allen since he was overseas.

The Misses Clara and Maude Allen are doing private duty in our own hospital.

Mrs. Hazel Archer Mowr is very happy in her new home.

Miss Agnes Bailey is doing private duty at Dante Hospital.

Miss Marian Ballesty is nursing in Reno, Nevada.

Mrs. Audrey Basset Kelly is living out of town.

Miss Tina Brown has gone to live with her mother in El Paso, Texas.

Miss Irene Bayley is keeping up the record of St. Mary's graduates as efficient surgical nurses in the Dante Hospital Surgery.

Miss Mary Begley is Anaesthetist and X-Ray technician at the Woodland Sanatorium.

We have not heard for many years from Mr. Nathaniel Bernard.

The Misses Thora Benson and Ruth Bigelow are doing private duty.

Miss Lavina Baloun has returned from her trip East, and is perfectly well.

Mrs. Louise Bigelow Halla is the happy mother of two beautiful children and lives in her country home.

Miss Ethal Bremer is Surgical Nurse at the Woodland Sanitorium.

Miss Irene Bonen lives in San Diego.

We hear that Miss Ethel Buckley is married.

Miss Elizabeth Borsch is doing private duty in the city.

Miss Anastasia Burns has entered the novitiate of the Little Sisters of the Poor.

Mrs. Meta Brown Mahan lives in Yreka.

Miss Nan Burke, our popular Social Worker, is now devoting all her energies to the new Orthopedic clinic at St. Mary's Hospital.

Mr. John Carey has resigned from nursing.

The Misses Anita Carey and Elizabeth Cassano are doing private duty at St. Mary's.

Miss Aurelia Cassano is Surgical Nurse at the Mater Misericordia Hospital in Sacramento.

Miss Lillian Cork is our able head-nurse in the Obstetrical department.

Miss Florence Cardosa is doing private duty at St. Mary's.

Miss Mary Coane is with us again after an extended visit in Nebraska.

Mrs. Hermina Coane Wier has made her home in San Francisco.

Miss Mary Chamberlain is at Ford Institute, Detroit, Michigan.

The Misses Letitia Cochran and Madeline Cummings are doing private duty.

Miss Katherine Collins, our former Night Superintendent, has gone to live with her mother in Fruitvale, and nurses occasionally at St. Mary's.

Mrs. Gertrude Coleman Wall is doing private nursing at St. Mary's.

Miss Frances Collum is also doing private duty.

Miss Blanche Collete is in Public Health Service in Kern County.

Miss Lucille Coyne has returned to enjoy California more than ever.

Mrs. Stella Cotter Quinn is living in Santa Rosa.

Mrs. Ruth Cockrell Hirst is living in Placerville.

Mrs. Lena Cornelius Smith has her home in the city.

Miss Annie Cummings is now Sister Agnes of the Franciscans.

Mrs. Laura Deasy Riggle is living in Oakland.

Mrs. Mary Deasy Sullivan is also living in Oakland.

Mrs. Agnes DeMartin Sweeney we expect to visit us any day with her beautiful baby.

Miss Helen Desmond is doing private duty.



Mrs. Catherine Dillon Kielty is an energetic volunteer worker in our new clinic.

Miss Evelyn Donnelly is nursing in San Rafael.

Miss Marie Delahanty is doing private duty at St. Mary's.

The Misses Mary Doyle and Agnes Driscoll are doing private duty in the city.

Mrs. Madge DeVilbiss Engler is the happy mother of a beautiful baby.

Mrs. Eleanor Dwyer Ragnas is the fond mother of Baby Ragnas.

Mrs. Mary Dunleavy Fallon is a frequent visitor at St. Mary's.

Miss Jane Dwyer is in Fresno, doing private duty.

Miss Florence Elmer is an Industrial Worker in Fresno.

Mrs. Electa Easton Hansen is living across the Bay.

Mrs. Ida Epp Gowan is living in San Diego.

Miss Bernardine Elwell is now Sister Mary Geraldine, a Sister of Mercy.

Miss Bertha Estes is doing private duty.

Mrs. Nettie Ferreira Babcock is living in the country.

Miss Winifred Fay is the worthy President of St. Mary's Alumni.

Mr. Louis Flietz has taken up Physio-therapy with success.

The Misses Annie Farrell, Phyllis Francis, and Anita Fisher are doing private duty.

Miss Caroline Fontes, we are happy to say, is now rapidly regaining her strength, after a long illness.

Miss Mary Fleming is nursing in her home town, Eureka.

Mrs. Katherine Flynn Damesot, former Superintendent of Nurses at the San Francisco Hospital, is happy in her beautiful home.

Mrs. Katherine Fraser is Anaesthetist at St. Mary's Hospital.

Mrs. Eleanor Frazier Whitmore is living in Los Angeles.

Miss Mary Gaddy is doing private duty at St. Mary's.

Mrs. Armandine Gautherot Gumar is active in the new clinic.

Miss Elizabeth Gillon is in New York.

Mrs. Lottie Genochio Dixon is living in San Francisco.

Mrs. Marie Geinger Madden keeps her charming home in the city.

Miss Clare Griffin is a head-nurse at St. Mary's.

We do not know Miss Lillian Goyen's married name.

Miss Teresa Georgianni, former Night Superintendent at the San Francisco Hospital is now doing private duty at St. Mary's.

Miss Josephine Gobby is doing private duty.

Miss Nettie Harris is not nursing at present.

Mrs. Mary Healy Fahey is a head-nurse at St. Mary's.

Miss Hilda Hiese is doing private duty at St. Mary's.

Mr. Joseph Haughey is nursing at St. Mary's.

Miss Emma Heier is Surgical Nurse at the Mater Misericordia Hospital in Sacramento.

Miss Catherine Healy is Assistant Supervisor in the department of Surgery at St. Mary's.

Miss Margaret Henderson is living in Los Angeles.

Miss Marie Helm is living in Yokohama.

Miss Anita Hines and Mrs. Ruth Hirst Richards are doing private duty at St. Mary's.

Miss Anna A. Hughes, former Superintendent of Nurses, at the Mater Misericordia Hospital in Sacramento, is now Instructress of Nurses at St. Mary's, and Chairman of the Instructors' Section of the California State League of Nursing Education.

Miss Margaret Hillis holds a prominent position as Laboratory Technician in Colorado.

Miss Mildred Johnston is doing private duty in Modesto.

Mrs. Maud Johnson Borman is the proud mother of a beautiful baby.

Mrs. Marion Johnson Sands, we hear, is very happy in her own home.

Miss Angela Joulie is at home in San Mateo.

We have not heard the new name of Annie Julian.

Miss May Jones is nursing in South Africa.

Miss Martha Kane is doing private duty at St. Mary's.

Miss Eva Kavanaugh is doing private duty.

Miss Alice Keeffe is Superintendent of the Park Sanitorium.

Miss Rita Kelly is now Sister Mary Thomasine, a Sister of Mercy.

Miss Evelyn Kenway has taken up stenography.

Miss Katherine Keenan is Anaesthetist at St. Mary's.

Miss Mary Kelly is away at present, taking a rest.

We have not heard from Miss Alice Kennedy for some time.

Miss Adele Kirk, co-founder of the Catholic Nurses' Guild, is doing private duty at St. Mary's.

Mrs. Ethel Komsthoeft is doing private duty at St. Mary's.

We have heard of Miss Josephine Krauskropp's marriage.

Miss Caroline Kirschbaum is in charge of the Obstetrical department in the Woodland Sanitorium.

Mrs. Sylvia LaFranchi Gamboni is heard from very frequently.

Miss Mary Larsen has gone home to Denmark.



Mrs. Agnes Leahy May is very frequently seen around the hospital grounds as she supervises her young son's open air exercise.

Miss Regina Leahy is now Sister M. Gemma, a Sister of the Holy Names.

Miss Bertha Levy and Miss Mary Leonard are doing private duty.

Dorothy LeQuimme is now Mrs. Fatessi, and Bessie Lewis is Mrs. McGuire.

Mrs. Annie Mahoney O'Brien frequently gives us the pleasure of seeing her beautiful golden-haired children.

Miss Rose Maher is doing private duty.

Miss Theresa Mariotti is at her home in Los Gatos.

Mrs. Frances Mathews Heaney is living in Yreka.

We do not know Lillian Mascorani's married name.

Mrs. Olympia Mazza Keating is living in the city.

Mrs. Nellie Mazza Henrioule is living in San Francisco.

Miss Hulda Maulhardt is a Sister of the Poor Claires.

Miss Alice Meyer is an Industrial Worker in San Diego.

We do not know Frances Miller's, Florence Mullen's or Henrietta Moll's married names.

Miss Anastasia Miller is a Public Health Nurse in Sacramento.

Miss Ada Moore is traveling in Europe.

We have not heard from Miss Belle Moore.

Mrs. Jennie Mullady Louis is living in San Francisco.

Miss Genevieve Morgan is in charge of a Plantation Hospital in Hawaii.

Miss Ella Mullen is now Sister Mary Paul, a Sister of Mercy.

Miss Nellie Mullen is doing private duty at St. Mary's.

Miss Kathleen McArdle is Sister Ann Patrice, a Sister of the Holy Cross.

Miss Frances McAuley is an Institutional Worker in San Francisco.

Mrs. Catherine Moore McQuade is living in the city.

Miss Blanche Murphy is a clinical worker in the Detention Home.

Miss Esmie McAuley is on general duty at the Woodland Sanatorium.

Miss Mary McAuley is doing private duty.

Mrs. Margaret McElearney Lavelle is the proud mother of a beautiful babe.

Miss Margaret McEnery is doing private duty.

Miss Mary McCracken is living in the Middle West.

Mrs. Christine McGillis Shine is living in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Irene Myrhe Mondeck is living in Reno, Nevada.

The Misses Ethel McGowan, Margaret McMahon, Hanah McMahon and Cecelia McInerny are doing private duty at St. Mary's.

Miss Mary McGuire is living in Honolulu.

Miss Margaret McInerny is doing private duty.

Miss Teresa McMeniman is living in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Miss Annie McMillan is an Industrial Worker in her home town.

The Misses Anita McNamee and Genevieve McMurdo are doing private duty at St. Mary's.

Mrs. Teresa McMurdo Keith is living in San Francisco.

We do not know the married names of Nellie McPhillips, and Elizabeth McQuade.

Mrs. Rose McQuade Stien, with her husband, Dr. Stein, has opened a hospital in Yosemite.

Mrs. Geneva McQuade Keating is the mother of a bouncing girl.

We have not heard Nellie McMorry's new name.

The Misses Agnes McSharry and Henrietta Murphy are doing private duty at St. Mary's.

Miss Angeline Navone is Night Superintendent at St. Mary's.

Miss Catherine O'Brien is Surgical Nurse at St. Mary's Hospital in Modesto.

Miss Elizabeth O'Brien is a Navy nurse at Yerba Buena.

We do not know the married names of Eva O'Brien and Genevieve Paschich.

The Misses Mary O'Brien, Ruth O'Connell, Mary O'Connor, Teresa O'Connor are doing private duty.

Miss Bridget O'Neil is also doing private duty.

Miss Georgianna Pauncefore is living in Yokohama.

Mrs. Mary Perry Singleton is living in St. Louis.

Miss Catherine Peters is now Sister Mary Jerome, a Sister of Mercy.

Mrs. Eva Piaggio Rocilli has a beautiful home on Mason St.

Miss Hazel Plasse is Assistant Supervisor in the Surgery at St. Mary's.

Mrs. Katherine Prendergast Matthis is living in San Francisco.

Mrs. Loretta Putnam Dodge is a generous worker in the clinic at St. Mary's.

Miss Gertrude Quinn is doing private duty.

Miss Mae Piezzi has brought back to Petaluma a splendid spirit of organization. She is now the honored President of the Y. L. I.

Miss Finetta Phillips has assisted her mother in her business enterprises.

The Misses Mary Reuter, Alma Robson and Edith Ross are doing private duty.



We have not heard from Mrs. Lillian Roust or Miss Mary Rudge.  
 Miss Christine Ryan is nursing in Sacramento.  
 Mrs. Mary Ryan Burns is living in San Francisco.  
 Miss Lydia Ryan is doing private duty.  
 Miss Lucy Savage is Anaesthetist at St. Mary's.  
 Mrs. Emily Savage Strickner is living in Vallejo.  
 Mr. Joseph Sarto is doing private duty at St. Mary's.  
 Mrs. Clara Scally Griffin and her sister, Mrs. Irene Scally O'Kell,  
 are frequently heard from.  
 Miss Elizabeth Schwab is now Sister Mary Edward, a Holy Family  
 Sister.  
 Sister Mary Pauline Sears is in Omaha, Nebraska.  
 Miss Anna Segord is Secretary of St. Mary's Alumni.  
 Miss Rose Shaw is doing private duty.  
 Mrs. Virginia Silva Robertson, although living in Honolulu, keeps  
 in close touch with St. Mary's.  
 Miss Honora Sheehan, a former Army nurse, is now nursing at St.  
 Mary's.  
 Miss Margaret Sheehy is now living in Watsonville.  
 Miss Evelyn Schott is nursing in St. John's Hospital, Oxnard.  
 Miss Lucille Smith is nursing in Santa Barbara.  
 Mrs. Mary Sicocan Taylor is the mother of a fine baby.  
 Mrs. Caroline Walsh Richards is the happy mother of a beautiful  
 baby.  
 Marian Wilhelm is married and living in the Islands.  
 Miss Edith Williams is in the Public Health service in Napa County.  
 Mrs. Belinda Wright Clarke is traveling at present.  
 Miss Irene Yore is a Surgical Nurse at the Dante Hospital.  
 Harriet Young's married name we do not know.  
 Miss Camille Young is doing private duty.

ANNA SEGORD.

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## Our Deceased Members

Mrs. Barry Harding.	Miss Mercedes McKinnon.
Mrs. Stella Beaver Clowe.	Miss Jane O'Neill.
Miss Ellen Doran.	Miss Selina Paralta.
Miss May Furlong.	Miss Helen Sarsfield.
Miss Margaret Jacobs.	Miss Anna Silva.
Mr. William McLaughlin.	Miss Elsie Webster.
Miss Lena Wolf.	

It is difficult for a student nurse of today to look back and think that there ever was a time when a Training School for Nurses did not exist, or when the possibility of its organization could be doubted. Yet it is only twenty-three years ago since St. Mary's Hospital Training School for Nurses was established by Sister Mary Columba at that time Superior of the Sisters of Mercy of San Francisco, California.

That the School has attained the distinction we so proudly boast of today may justly be attributed, in no small measure, to her wonderful vision, wise judgment, and unfailing enthusiasm.

It is with a spirit of reverence and loving appreciation that we, the members of the Alumni, pay this tribute to a beautiful character who passed to her eternal reward on January the thirtieth, nineteen hundred and twenty-three.

S.



## My Love For Home

Just a'working ev'ry day,  
Amid the city's strife  
Sweeps a lot o' loves away  
But one I'll keep for life;  
My love for home,  
My longing love for home.

"All day long" is mighty tough,  
"Up all night" is too,  
"A long long month" is still more rough;  
How can I stick it through?  
With my love for home  
My longing love for home.

But then I sit and think it o'er,  
And my troubles flit away  
And nothing then can make me sore,  
And December turns to May  
With my love for home  
My longing love for home.

This is the plea I always make  
When on my knees I pray;  
"My other joys Thou mayest take  
But leave this one away  
My love for home  
My longing love for home."

—*Wilhelmina Simon*, '23



IN LIGHTER MOMENTS

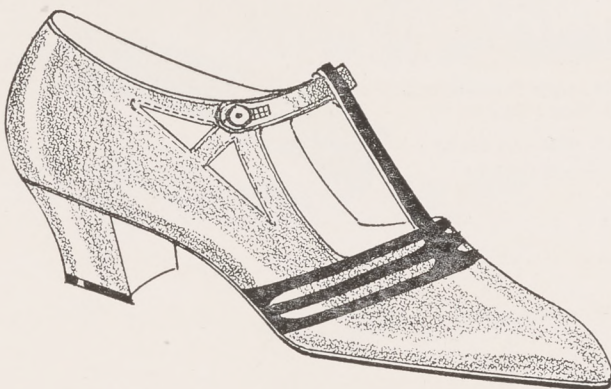


To those, who by their noble response to our call for Ads, have enabled us to publish this, our first copy of the "Misericordia" we, the Students of St. Mary's School of Nursing, extend our heartfelt thanks. :: :: :: :: ::





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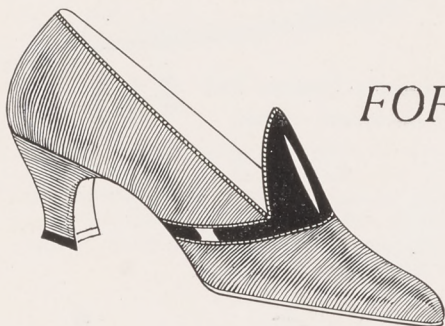
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Private room, with bath, per day .....	\$6.00 to \$10.00
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SAVINGS

COMMERCIAL

Member Federal Reserve System and Associated Savings  
Banks of San Francisco

526 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

DECEMBER 30th, 1922

Assets.....	\$80,671,392.53
Deposits.....	76,921,392.53
Capital Actually Paid Up.....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	2,750,000.00
Employees' Pension Fund.....	400,613.61

MISSION BRANCH.....	Mission and 21st Streets
PARK-PRESIDIO DISTRICT BRANCH.....	Clement St. and 7th Ave.
HAIGHT STREET BRANCH.....	Haight and Belvedere Streets
WEST PORTAL BRANCH.....	West Portal Ave. and Ulloa St.

A Dividend to Depositors of Four and One-quarter ( $4\frac{1}{4}$ )  
per cent per annum was declared for the six months  
ending December 31st, 1922.

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INSTEAD OF SEMI-ANNUALLY AS HERETOFORE.



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